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Information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, or Travel Agents.

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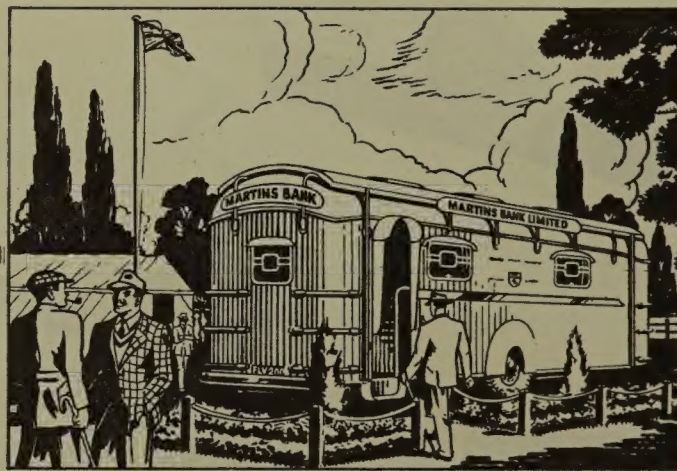
SHERRY BEFORE DINNER....



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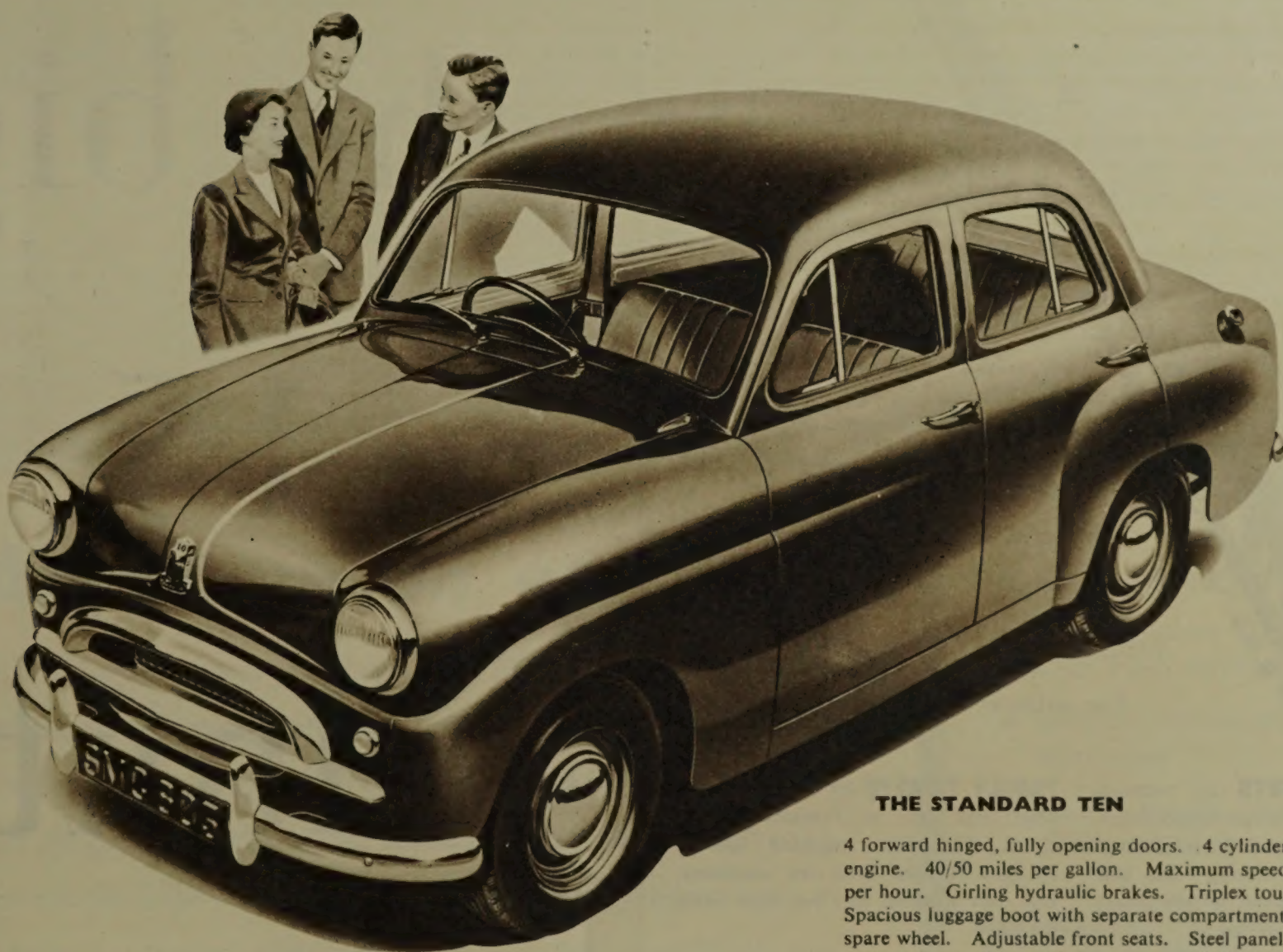
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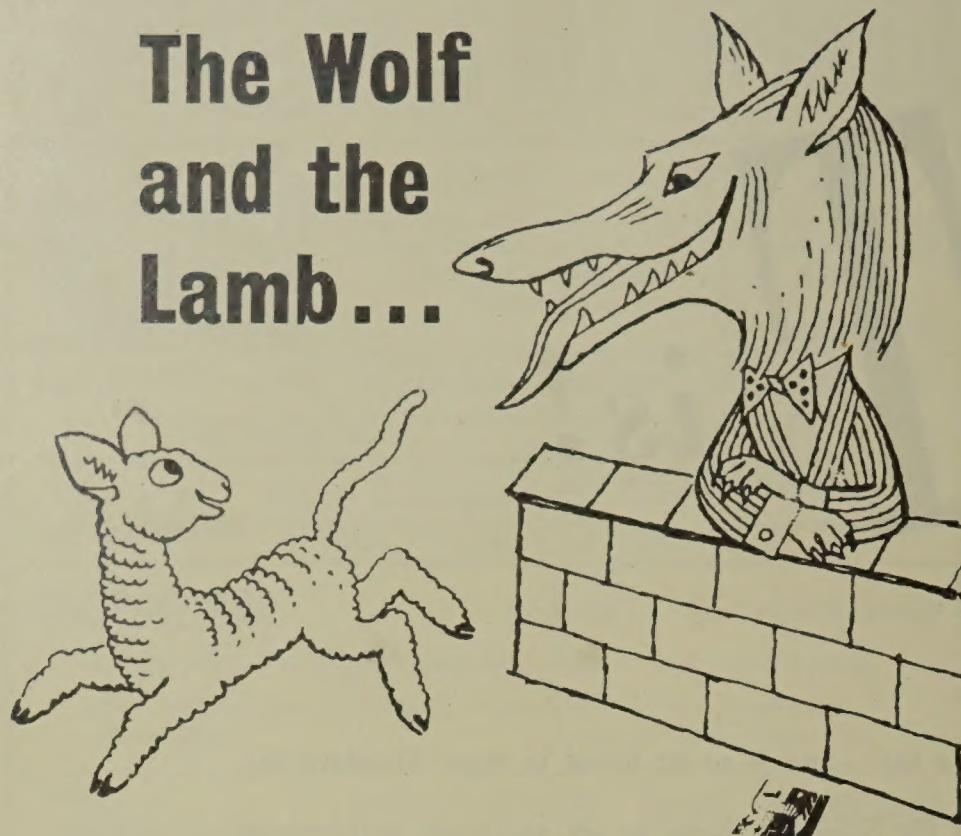
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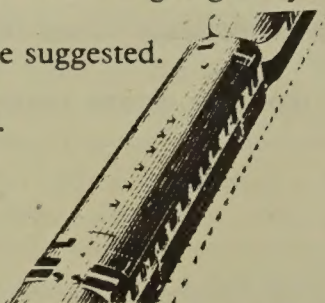
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The Wolf and the Lamb...



Wolf was roaming through France when he met a sweet little lamb who was going away for a holiday. "Coming with me?" he suggested. But she shook her head. "I'd rather go by rail" she said and climbed aboard a train. "Foiled again!" snarled Wolf feeling hungrier than ever. Lamb, of course, arrived safe and sound after an excellent



meal and a most delightful journey.

... Which points

the moral that it is best to travel by French Railways. For instance:



ROAD-RAIL TICKETS at reduced prices are offered for numerous circular tours from certain French Channel ports or Paris, combining train and motor coach journeys in the most picturesque parts of France.

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Here on this barren stretch of the desolate "Skeleton Coast" in South West Africa, among rocky hills and dunes whipped into grotesque shapes by the corrosive blast of winds charged with salt and sand, diamonds are mined literally on the sea shore; and wherever men can work, so can the Land-Rover. A mobile or stationary power unit, a load or passenger-carrier, going anywhere . . . pulling anything, the 4-wheel drive Land-Rover can take it. All over the world, the Land-Rover stands for mobility, endurance, *toughness*.

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86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.



A soupçon of Guinness's

"One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor

From travel in England, is tempting his "future"

With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter"

And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses

With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and soupçon of Guinness's."

Richard Barham, "*The Ingoldsby Legends*" (1842).



When "*Ingoldsby*" was written, Guinness was bottled in stoneware. The stone bottle illustrated was made by Stephen Green of Lambeth, some time before 1850.

The ingenuity—often the perverted ingenuity—of the Reverend Richard Barham's rhymes arouses the suspicion that it was for their sake that Guinness appears here. However, there is no doubt that by 1837, when the *Ingoldsby Legends* began to appear in "*Bentley's Miscellany*", Guinness was being exported to many parts of the world and doubtless Spain was among them. Today Guinness is enjoyed, in perfect condition, all over the world by people who know what's good for them. And, as Violante and Iñes no doubt discovered, Guinness and a sandwich is almost a meal in itself.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1955.



THIS magnificent piece—of which we show profile and (inset) frontal views—was found in clandestine diggings at Homs (ancient Emesa) in Syria and it eventually came into the possession of the Museum at Damascus. It has just been restored in the Research Laboratory of the British Museum and is now exhibited for a month from April 25 in the King Edward Gallery as a loan from the Direction Générale des Antiquités de Syrie. The helmet, which completely masks the wearer and weighs 4½ lb., is of iron covered with silver, in parts gilded. The date must be of the first half of the first century A.D., and it seems to have belonged to a member of the Sampsigerami, the reigning family of Emesa, a dynasty of Hellenised Arabs, ruling under Roman patronage. The face seems almost certainly to be a portrait; and it was perhaps a parade helmet, although

[Continued opposite.



Continued.] it is sturdy enough to have served in battle. The iron cranium, encircled by a silver-gilt band in the form of a wreath, was not faced with silver, but covered with cloth, the texture of which is preserved in the surface rust. This covering was perhaps a protection against the heat. The face, including the ears, hinges upwards on a single hinge on the brow and was secured at the neck by an arrangement of rings and hooks. The eye-slits are narrow, but the trefoil holes in the lower lid would provide a bifocal effect. The neck-guard, which like the wreath and rosette is gilded, carries a running acanthus design, among which are some wren-like birds and a butterfly.

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A MAGNIFICENT SILVER AND IRON HELMET—A PORTRAIT OF A SYRIAN ROYAL GENERAL ABOUT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION: NEWLY RESTORED AND NOW EXHIBITED ON LOAN AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A GENERAL ELECTION without newspapers—and at the time of first writing this, it seemed quite conceivable—would have been almost a contradiction in terms. It would have been like having a Crown without a State or Court. For the widespread dissemination of news and opinion through the medium of the printed word is the first essential of electoral choice, and such a thing as an election without it has never happened in our history since the supremacy of Parliament was finally established. From the point of view of the Government that was courageously prepared to stake its existence on such a risk, it seemed, on the face of it, an almost desperate gamble, strong as other arguments in an election's favour might be. Perhaps, however, no voter is ever swayed by what he reads in the Press, and even before a General Election takes place, everyone is already either a convinced supporter of the Government or of the Opposition? In that case, of course, the absence of newspapers, had the strike continued, would have had no effect on the result. Yet, under the particular arithmetical formulas that govern a British General Election, a very few votes in, say, fifty constituencies can make a remarkable difference to the constitution of Parliament and, therefore, to future national policy. If a few thousand, or even a few hundred, electors in every constituency were to change sides or refrain from voting as a result of not reading the Daily This or the Evening That, it could conceivably alter the whole future of Britain.

Otherwise, I cannot say that I have found that the absence for a few weeks of the daily newspaper from the breakfast-table or the evening newspaper from the tea-table a very grave personal deprivation. In fact, though after the freedom of the Judiciary I regard the freedom of the Press as the chief corner-stone of our national liberties, I have found, to my surprise, that I have been happier without daily newspapers than with them! This, I suppose, is because I am a born escapist! It is like being without motor-cars. Both have for so long become a fixed habit that it is only when one is deprived of them that one realises what a strain on the nerves they both can constitute. That desiccated morning and evening perusal of miscellaneous, and mostly disturbing, information from every part of the globe is as much an unconscious shock to the system as the constant roaring, rattling and rushing about of modern motor traffic. Both are destroyers of man's happiest and highest state—that of quiet acceptance and contemplation. We are all so busy trying to learn simultaneously about everything except our own business and trying to travel quickly to every place except where we happen to be at the moment, that we seldom have time to do what the poet W. H. Davies called, "stand and stare"! Yet without that peaceful and germinating process we can scarcely be said to live fully at all. That is why many men in the past half-century have found that war, for all its horrors and heartbreaking losses and separations, can sometimes offer, in its harsh and bitter discipline, something which the freedom of peace does not easily afford modern man. It forced many of us, against our will, to be patient and to be still, to reflect and to become aware. And on a minor scale the newspaper strike, for all its public disadvantages and its hardships for the fellow members of my own profession, may have had some attendant advantages. For instance, during the past fortnight, for the first time for years, instead of spending my breakfast and tea half-hour or quarter-of-an-hour reading and gobbling, I have been able to spend them thinking and digesting! I have found the unwanted change most salutary. It is true, of course, that I could have voluntarily imposed the change on myself before, but I lacked the strength of character to do so. And I doubt if I was alone in this weakness. I could not even break myself of the habit of following the strip-cartoons whose improbable happenings had become a matter of real concern to me, even sometimes to the interruption of my labours! It is not, of course, that strip-cartoons are in themselves a waste of time; they may even, like the doings of the delightful animal, Flook, in one of our famous popular dailies, prove an innocent and stimulating refreshment to a jaded imagination.

Yet too much of a good thing, especially of a trivial thing, is a waste and expense of spirit. Ceaseless addiction to the popular Press, I suspect, like cigarette-smoking, the cinema and TV., has become too demanding a habit for the spiritual, mental—and even sometimes physical—well-being of modern man. A temporary and brief break from it, however inconvenient and hard on the Press itself (of which I am a humble servant and member), has not for the general public been, perhaps, entirely a bad thing. For some good may also have come of it in making men a little less dependent on the spiritual and mental fare of the daily newspaper.

Yet life, like war, is, in Wolfe's famous phrase, an option of difficulties, and, it should be added, of disadvantages. The defects of a free popular Press are, of course, far outweighed by its merits. Even though it is necessarily controlled by a comparatively few private individuals—and for technical reasons it is hard to conceive of any way in which this could be

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN MURAL RESTORED.



CHRIST ENTHRONED AND FOUR OF HIS APOSTLES: PART OF THE REMARKABLE EARLY CHRISTIAN MURAL ON THE WALL OF THE APSE OF CHECKENDON CHURCH, OXON, WHICH HAS BEEN EXPERTLY UNCOVERED AFTER CENTURIES OF CONCEALMENT AND DESECRATION. A SIMILAR GROUP OF FIGURES APPEARS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE APSE. In thousands of British churches there are probably beautiful frescoes, centuries old, obliterated by the Puritans to protect worshippers from the idolatrous spectacle of painted figures and subsequently by those who redecorated the walls unaware of the murals hidden beneath the obscuring paint or plaster. Restoring these treasures is an operation requiring the utmost delicacy and skill. Mrs. Eve Baker, who has worked on the mural of the apse of Checkendon Church, Oxon, possesses both these attributes. Her labours were complicated by exceptional factors: by cracks and crumbling plaster caused by age and the explosion near by of a stray flying-bomb; by well-meant but clumsy Victorian replastering; and by the familiar Puritan desecration. With quite extraordinary care and integrity, Mrs. Baker carried out the various stages of her difficult task, until the beautiful figures painted by some unknown artist nearly 800 years ago stood triumphantly revealed.

society, of which, though it occasionally distorts, it is a not unjust mirror. Yet they also contribute to the defects of that society, for the Press—and this is apt to be forgotten by those who control it—is not only a medium of popular information and popular entertainment but an intensely important medium of popular education, and not only of political education, but of social, æsthetic and even religious education. It is this that makes the frivolity, the vulgarity and the often low standard of intellectual and moral integrity of certain organs of the popular Press a serious matter. These faults cannot be cured by the action of the Press alone, for a newspaper depends for its very existence on expressing, by and large, the taste and opinions of its readers. But they can be improved, and to the immense gain of the nation, by a conscious recognition by those who own and edit newspapers that they are among the most important of all the trustees of our national and spiritual inheritance. Power with responsibility can be a very dangerous thing, and it is the corollary of a free system that those who enjoy the liberty to exercise great power should voluntarily regard it always as a sacred trust.

otherwise—it affords the only possible medium in which individuals can consistently communicate to the public at large views and information that are uncongenial to those in authority. It is inconceivable, even in England, that any Government would allow such a right to be exercised to any worthwhile extent in a Press that was owned or controlled by itself. The limitations, and I believe them to be inevitable under the circumstances, placed by Parliament on broadcasting and television provide an excellent example of what would happen to the Press if it was similarly controlled. Even many of the unimportant views expressed over the years in this modest column—and tolerated by what I think must be the most tolerant and long-suffering editor and proprietors in the world—would never be long endured under such auspices. How can any Government authorise criticism of itself in its own organs? And it is no answer to reply that Parliament is the nation and expresses the will of the nation. Parliament at any given moment is the authorised and empowered repository, not of the national will—a thing impossible to register by a process of periodic voting alone—but of that of the electoral majority of a particular moment. The process both of forming that temporary expression of majority opinion and belief and of subsequently tempering it to the changing will and opinion of the whole nation is immeasurably facilitated by—and is, in fact, I believe, unachievable without—a free Press. That is why democracy, as we understand it, cannot exist under a totalitarian system, even though that system proclaims itself democratic. Freedom to speak out in print, and an effective medium for communicating that freedom to the masses, are the indispensable accompaniment of true democratic and parliamentary processes. That is why a man who loves his country ought, in the last resort, to be prepared to suffer proscription, imprisonment or even death itself to preserve the freedom of the Press. And this even when that freedom is abused.

On the whole, the defects of the Press arise from the defects of our free



THE QUEEN INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG AUSTRALIA LEAGUE AT WINDSOR: HER MAJESTY WITH MR. J. COTTERHILL (IN UNIFORM) AND SIR THOMAS WHITE.
On April 18 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh received and inspected a contingent of the Young Australia League (aged between fourteen and seventeen years), now visiting Britain under the command of Mr. J. Cotterhill. The High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White, was present.

AT WINDSOR CASTLE AND ELSEWHERE: NOTABLE RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE SCOUT MARCH-PAST AT WINDSOR: THE QUEEN, WITH (BEHIND HER) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND LORD ROWALLAN, THE CHIEF SCOUT.
On April 24 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, took the salute at the march-past of some 1000 Queen's Scouts and holders of Scout awards for gallantry. Before the Parade her Majesty spoke to some of the 200 Scout representatives, officials and commissioners, from the Commonwealth and overseas.



THE QUEEN MOTHER'S FIRST FLIGHT BY HELICOPTER: HER MAJESTY ON ARRIVAL AT BIGGIN HILL.

The Queen Mother flew in a *Whirlwind* helicopter of the Fleet Air Arm to Biggin Hill on April 23 to inspect No. 600 (City of London) Royal Auxiliary Air Force and No. 2600 (City of London) Royal Auxiliary Air Force Regiment Squadrons, of which she is Hon. Air Commodore; and visited the St. George's Battle of Britain Chapel of Remembrance, on the airfield.



AT THE AERO RESEARCH FACTORY, DUXFORD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH A GIFT FOR PRINCESS ANNE.
During his visit to the Aero Research Factory on April 20, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh accepted a model of the Flying Fifteen *Coweslip* for Princess Anne, a model of a radio-controlled motor cruiser for the Duke of Cornwall, and polo sticks of *araldite*, a new product of resin, for himself.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE PREMIERE OF THE FILM "DON GIOVANNI": ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM ANNE MAXWELL.
The world premiere of the British film of the 1954 Salzburg Festival production of "Don Giovanni" was held at the Royal Festival Hall on April 18. Princess Alexandra was present and accepted a bouquet from the seven-year-old daughter of Captain I. R. Maxwell, chairman of Harmony Films, which made the picture.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE CHESHIRE FOUNDATION HOME FOR THE SICK AT LE COURT, LISS: HER MAJESTY WATCHING A PAINTER AT WORK, WITH GROUP CAPTAIN CHESHIRE, V.C. (LEFT).

H.M. the Queen Mother on April 20 visited the Cheshire Foundation Home for the Sick at Liss, Hants, founded by Group Captain Cheshire, V.C., and saw the work being carried on. She is examining a picture being painted by one of the inmates, Allan Davies.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, PATRON OF THE BRITISH JUNIOR RED CROSS, AT THE RED CROSS MORRIS GRANGE HOLIDAY CAMP FOR HANDICAPPED CHILDREN: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH THE CAMP PET DONKEY.

Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, is Patron of the British Junior Red Cross, and on April 15 she visited the Red Cross Morris Grange Holiday Camp for handicapped children, near South Corner, on the Great North Road. After inspecting the activities of the camp, she "met" the pet donkey.

DISASTERS, A DISCOVERY AND HIGH OCCASIONS: A RECORD OF WORLD EVENTS.



MARKING THE POINT FROM WHICH DISTANCES TO LONDON ARE MEASURED: A PLAQUE NEAR CHARLES I. STATUE. A bronze plaque has been set in the pavement behind the equestrian statue of Charles I. at the top of Whitehall to mark the point from which distances to London are measured. The statue occupies the place where formerly stood Queen Eleanor's cross, and mileages from London are measured from its site.



FOUND IN A FIELD AT FRITZDORF, WEST GERMANY: A GOLD BEAKER OF BETWEEN 1500 AND 1000 B.C. The Landes-museum in Bonn have purchased a gold beaker found by a farmer at work in a field at Fritzdorf, West Germany. The beaker, which weighs roughly 8 ozs., is estimated by museum experts to be between 3000 and 3500 years old. It was found buried inside another vessel. Pieces of pottery were found near the beaker.



WHERE FOUR ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS WERE KILLED ON A CONTINENTAL TOUR: THE HOTEL AT TOURS, FRANCE. Firemen's ladders are shown standing against the gutted façade of the hotel at Tours where four English boys from Wadham House School, Cheshire, were tragically asphyxiated when fire broke out on the night of April 18-19. The headmaster, in charge of the party, roused the others, some of whom escaped down the ladders.



OPENED BY KING BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM: EUROPE'S MOST BRILLIANT FLOWER SHOW, THE 23RD FLORALIES AT GHENT. Every five years, the Ghent Floralies, a vast international horticultural exhibition, attracts entries and visitors from many countries, and the twenty-third Floralies, opened on April 23, is the biggest and finest ever staged. There are exhibits from ten countries, including Britain. The exhibition was opened by King Baudouin, seen above accompanied by his Ministers.



BURYING MORE THAN SIXTY PEOPLE, AN AVALANCHE OF COAL-MINE WASTE WHICH SLID DOWN A HILL. After an avalanche of coal-mine spoil, motivated by torrential rains, swept down a hillside at Sasebo on the Japanese island of Kyushu on April 16, 600 police and troops dug to extricate more than sixty people buried by the fall. The slag fell on sixteen houses. It is feared that most of the inhabitants were killed.



WHERE TWO BRITISH BOYS WERE MURDERED BY MAU-MAU: A SECRETARY TAKES NOTES AS POLICE INVESTIGATE. The murder of two English schoolboys by Mau-Mau on April 21 has aroused the strongest feeling in Kenya, where police parties, troops and the Kikuyu home-guard searched for the killers. They arrested ten Mau-Mau believed to be responsible for the boys' deaths. An air-rifle belonging to one of the boys was found in their possession.



AT THE 319TH FEAST OF THE ANCIENT COMPANY OF CUTLERS, HELD IN THE CUTLER'S HALL, SHEFFIELD: THE MASTER CUTLER WITH SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL GUESTS. At the 319th Cutlers' feast in Sheffield, our photograph shows: (front row, l. to r.) Vice-Admiral W. W. Davis, Colonel F. A. Neill, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Kilmuir, Mr. W. G. Ibberson, the Master Cutler, Alderman J. H. Bingham, Lord Mayor of Sheffield, his Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Rt. Hon. The Lord Aberconway. (Standing, l. to r.) Mr. L. Du Garde Peach, the Hon. R. A. Balfour, Lord Savile, Mr. R. P. Phillips, Mr. R. M. Wilson, Major P. Roberts, M.P., Sir Charlton Lane, Mr. R. L. Walsh, the Very Rev. J. H. Cruse.



THE EARTHQUAKES IN VOLOS, LARISSA: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES, QUEEN FREDERIKA AND THE CROWN PRINCE (RIGHT) OFFERING SYMPATHY TO SOME OF THE HOMELESS. The Port of Volos, central Greece, has been wrecked by successive earthquakes on April 19 and 21. Seven people are reported killed and sixty injured, while thousands have been rendered homeless. King Paul and Queen Frederika, with the Crown Prince Constantine, visited the stricken areas on April 22, and surveyed the relief measures and noted the future needs. An appeal to foreign Governments for assistance has been made, and British and U.S. officials immediately offered help.



TO BE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, WHOSE OUTSTANDING SUCCESS IN MALAYA STRIKINGLY DEMONSTRATED HIS ABILITY AS ADMINISTRATOR AND SOLDIER.

It was announced on April 22 that the Queen had approved the appointment of General Sir Gerald Templer as Chief of the Imperial General Staff with effect from November this year. He will succeed Field Marshal Sir John Harding, who was appointed C.I.G.S. in November 1952. General Templer, who is fifty-six, was granted long leave in June last year after relinquishing the appointment of High Commissioner and Director of Operations, Malaya. It was announced that he would not take over command of the British Army of the Rhine from General Sir Richard Gale, as had been previously stated. General Templer, who has just returned from Cyprus and Uganda, is at present conducting an inquiry, at the request of the War Office and Colonial Office, into the organisation and

administration of Colonial and military forces, for which he is temporarily attached to the Ministry of Defence. General Templer's outstanding ability was recognised early in his career as a soldier and his promotion was rapid, and, in 1942, at the age of forty-four, he was the youngest lieutenant general in the Army. In 1944 he was severely injured in an accident while commanding the 4th Armoured Division in Italy, and this prevented him from holding an active command for the rest of the war. In 1945 he had recovered sufficiently to be appointed Director, Civil Affairs, at Field Marshal Montgomery's C.H.Q. in Western Europe. Of the many important appointments he has since held, he is probably best known for his work in Malaya, where he achieved an outstanding success.

BUILDINGS, NEW AND OLD, IN THE NEWS: IN ENGLAND, DENMARK, GERMANY AND MOROCCO.

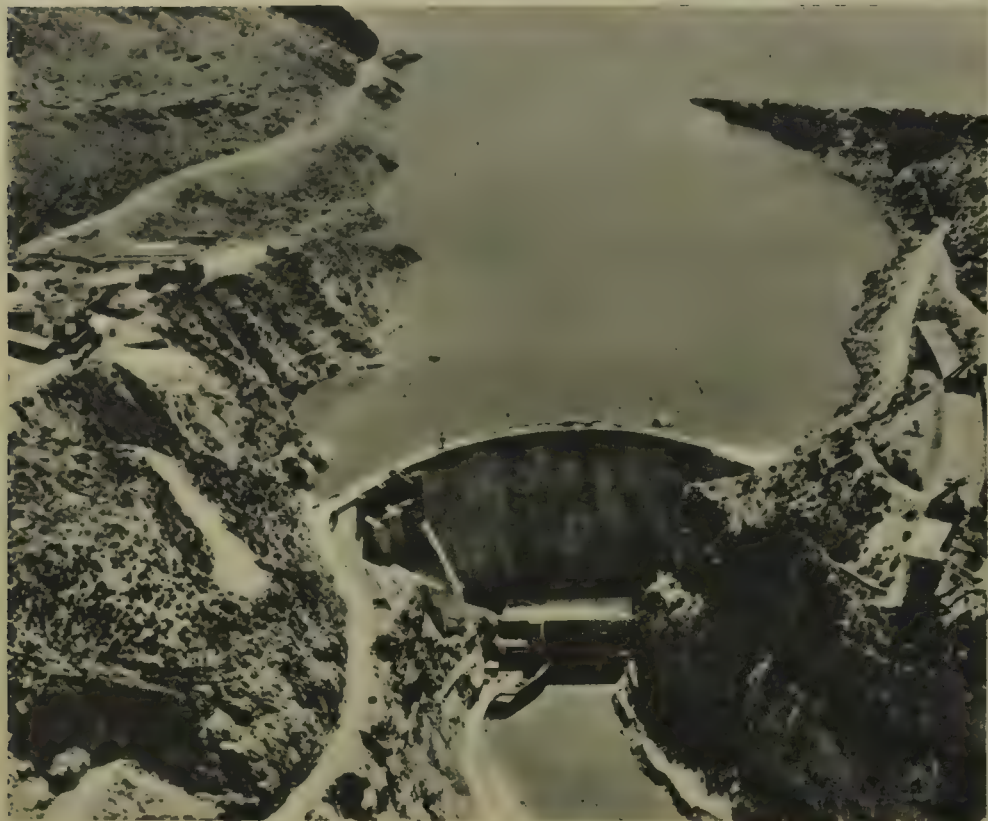


(LEFT.) NOW REBUILT AND RESTORED TO ITS PRE-WAR SIZE AND INTEREST: THE DEUTSCHES MUSEUM ON THE ISLAND IN THE RIVER ISAR, IN MUNICH. THE CLOCK-FACE ON THE TOWER IS A WIND-MEASURE, SHOWING WITH ITS HANDS BOTH DIRECTION AND FORCE.

The Deutsches Museum in Munich is a museum of science and technology, which was begun in 1908 and opened in 1925 on the seventieth birthday of its creator and first Director, Dr. Oskar von Miller. It was badly damaged during the war, but since then has been annually reopening sections after their restoration. It is now back to pre-war size. It is designed to show the development of science, engineering and industry, and has many displays arranged in historical sequences. Various industrial undertakings co-operate in staging displays. It is supported by the State as well as by the city of Munich.



THE ANCIENT AND DILAPIDATED CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS OF TOLLESHUNT KNIGHTS, ESSEX, FOR WHICH A RESTORATION FUND HAS JUST BEEN LAUNCHED. Parts of the church of All Saints, Tolleshunt Knights, are dated as early as 1100-1150 A.D., although the building was much restored and modernised in 1878. It contains a mediæval stone effigy of a knight holding his heart in his hands. It has for some time been out of use.



RECENTLY OPENED IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: THE HUGE BIN-EL-UIDANE DAM. IT SUPPLIES TWO POWER-HOUSES, ONE AT THE FOOT, ANOTHER SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET BELOW. This newly-opened dam, one of the world's largest, will, it is stated, double the annual electric output of Morocco. One power-house stands at the foot of the dam, another at some little distance is fed by penstocks which lead through the mountain to the left of the dam. Besides this purpose, the waters will be used to irrigate about 300,000 acres of desert in the Beni-Moussa and Beni-Amir plains.



A SKYSCRAPER FOR COPENHAGEN: THE NEWLY-COMPLETED 18-STORY HOTEL EUROPA, RISING BESIDE ONE END OF THE NEW LONG BRIDGE IN DENMARK'S CAPITAL. The new Hotel Europa in Copenhagen was recently opened. Its restaurant floor is at roof-level and is about 180 ft. above the level of the city. The hotel can accommodate 346 visitors. The Long Bridge, which joins the city with the Isle of Amager, was opened last summer.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST CHURCHES: ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY, WHERE RESTORATION WORK ON THE NAVE IS NOW IN PROGRESS. THE OLD PEWS ARE BEING REMOVED. It was in 597 A.D. that St. Augustine and his followers met in St. Martin's to pray, preach and baptise converts; and whether or not it is the oldest surviving church in England, it is certainly the cradle of English Christianity. The tower is fourteenth-century, but the building contains Roman materials, perhaps re-used by the first builders of the church.



THE SERIOUS CONDITION OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, FOR WHOSE REPAIR £150,000 IS NOW NEEDED INSTEAD OF THE £100,000 ORIGINALLY REQUIRED: EXPERTS EXAMINING THE ROOF OF THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, WHICH IS IN DANGER OF COLLAPSE. The Dean of Gloucester has announced that there is a danger of the roofs of Gloucester Cathedral collapsing and bringing down the mediæval ceilings of the choir, transept and cloisters. Owing to increased building costs, the amount required by the Appeal Fund has risen by £50,000.

THE WEDDING OF KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN: SCENES IN AMMAN.



BEING ESCORTED TO THE RAGHDAN PALACE AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY: QUEEN DINA, BRIDE OF KING HUSSEIN, WITH CROWN PRINCE MOHAMMED, THE KING'S FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BROTHER.



FLOODLIT IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL WEDDING: SOME BUILDINGS IN AMMAN AS THEY APPEARED AT NIGHT DURING THE CELEBRATIONS WHICH WERE ENJOYED BY KING HUSSEIN'S PEOPLE.



CUTTING THE FOUR-TIERED WEDDING CAKE: THE NEW QUEEN OF JORDAN, WITH KING HUSSEIN AT HER SIDE, DURING THE RECEPTION IN THE RAGHDAN PALACE.



AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN AMMAN ON APRIL 19: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN WITH HIS QUEEN, WHO WORE A VENICE LACE DRESS AND JEWELLED TIARA.



BEFORE THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE ZAHARAN PALACE: THE BRIDEGROOM, KING HUSSEIN (LEFT), WITH KING FAISAL OF IRAQ, WHO WAS A WITNESS.



IN THE RAGHDAN PALACE: KING HUSSEIN AND HIS QUEEN, WITH THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS, DURING THE RECEPTION WHICH WAS HELD IN THE EVENING. THE LEGAL WEDDING CEREMONY, AT WHICH THE BRIDE WAS NOT PRESENT, TOOK PLACE IN THE MORNING.



AT A PARTY ON THE EVE OF THEIR WEDDING: KING HUSSEIN AND PRINCESS DINA (CENTRE) WITH A GROUP OF PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS FROM CAIRO UNIVERSITY, WHERE THE PRINCESS TAUGHT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

There was a national holiday in Jordan, and dancing and singing in the streets of Amman, on April 19, when King Hussein married his cousin, Princess Dina Abdulhemied. A salute of twenty-one guns signalled the end of the ceremony in the Zahran Palace at which, in accordance with Moslem custom, the bride was not present. Her father, Prince Abdulhemied, signed the marriage contract on her behalf and the King's witness was King Faisal II. of Iraq. After the ceremony the bridegroom attended an all-male reception in the Palace and it was not until the evening that the King, although legally married, met his wife. After dark a

great reception was held at the Raghdan Palace, where it was the turn of the women guests to greet the bridal pair. The bride wore a wedding dress with the King and the bridal attendants. Queen Dina of Jordan, who is twenty-five, and a Cambridge graduate, was born and brought up in Egypt and has taught English Literature at Cairo University. King Hussein, who is nineteen, and was at school at Harrow, succeeded his father, King Talal, who, being incapacitated by mental illness, was deposed by Parliament in August 1952.

UNRAVELLING SOME MEDIEVAL MYSTERIES.

*"The Imagery of British Churches"; By M. D. ANDERSON, F.S.A.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE IMAGERY OF BRITISH CHURCHES"; the title may suggest to some people an academic work for specialists. But, although specialists in iconography will welcome the book, it should be invaluable to the large lay public which makes a habit of "looking over" our cathedrals and the thousands of parish churches. Many of those who regularly sign their names in parochial "visitors' books" and drop their coins in the boxes are responsive to architectural beauty, aware of period and style, responsive to the colours of old windows, and curious about "storied urn or animated bust," yet prone to overlook small detail in wood or stone, and unaware of the significance of symbols, emblems, and attributes in glass-pictures, wall-paintings and pictorial screens. The object of this book is "to help unspecialised visitors to churches to answer some of the many questions which arise in their minds as they study the sculpture, stained glass and wall-paintings which these contain." Its effect will be wider than that: it will lead people to notice—a necessary preliminary to "study"—a multitude of details which hitherto their eyes have passed over unobserving: bench-ends, corbels, figures on fonts, sedilia, misericords, carvings on doors and porches. Almost every decoration in a medieval church had a meaning; and this volume, read as a primer, or carried as a guide, should enrich the experience, and widen the apprehension of all who acquire it.

It is difficult for us to realise how full of colour, story and edification the ordinary parish church was in the Middle Ages. First the looter, Henry VIII., got to work, then the Puritan iconoclasts, and, ultimately, the well-meaning "restorers" of the nineteenth century, who chopped up many a rood-screen for firewood. The Roundheads were far that most destructive. "Hardly a church in Britain," says Miss Anderson, "however small and remote, but shows traces of that iconoclastic lust which drove men to hack and smash and burn the adornments which had been the proud creation of their forefathers. When we stand in Kersey Church (Suffolk), to take one example at random, the hard white light streams through windows which were once bejewelled with medieval glass and reveals a few battered fragments of carved stone laid

methodical savagery of the iconoclasts than at Kersey; they were not content to knock the heads off a few images of saints and smash the lower parts of the windows, I could almost hear them panting up the steep stone steps to the churchyard carrying ladders, that they might hammer out those cornices, foot by foot. At Blythburgh and Mildenhall, also in Suffolk,



IN THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH WINDOW NOW AT ELFORD, STAFFORDSHIRE: EARLY SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY—(L. TO R.) ST. JOSEPH'S ROD BURGEONS; THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE TEMPLE; AND THE BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN MARY. [Photograph by S. A. Jeavons.]

Illustrations from the book "The Imagery of British Churches"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, John Murray.

they tried to shoot down the great angels from the roofs with arrows and buckshot, because they could not reach them in any other way. William Dowsing, who supervised the campaign of destruction in Suffolk during 1643, claimed in his diary that he had destroyed nearly 7000 superstitious pictures in 150 churches, most of them being probably in stained glass."

After the progresses of campaigners like that it is a wonder that anything survived. But there is enough left—including a few church-falls of stained glass, mostly late and foreign—to give us a basis for the mental reconstruction of an age very different from ours. The Puritans—who could read, and misinterpret what they read, and write, and write violently and malignantly—simply did not know what they were destroying. I don't mean aesthetically: that kind is blind to beauty of all kinds. I mean theologically and historically. The central fact is that before the invention of printing, and even for some time after it, the vast majority of the population could not read. If it was desired to instruct them, otherwise than verbally, the obvious method was that of the Picture Book. Every medieval church was a Picture Book; every picture told a story; and the nature of the stories told was not apprehended by the destroyers, and only

dimly to-day, although an increasing reverence for the minds and works of our ancestors has led to the gradual unveiling, from under films of whitewash, of great paintings of Dooms and St. Christophers, and the rescue of precious fragments of wood and glass from crypts and outhouses.

Mr. Dowsing, for example, may have wondered why the old painters, glaziers and carvers were so apparently obsessed by the episode of Jonah and the Whale. Being Fundamentalists, and believers in the verbal inspiration of all the Hebrew scriptures, they probably

took literally the story of the Prophet's entrance into, and exit from, the Great Leviathan. But to depict the event was to make a graven image, and imitate the worshippers of Baal, so the image had to go. It never occurred to them that the medieval educators, searching the Old Testament for foreshadowings of the New, had fastened on Jonah's sojourn in the whale as symbolic of our Lord's three days in Hell: there are hosts of such prophetic links in the paintings and carvings. A modern observer of medieval work, when puzzled, oughtn't to say "This is incomprehensible and seems nonsense to me," but "this would be comprehensible, had I the key."

The key is supplied by Miss Anderson. She provides a classified catalogue of all the principal images in or on our churches, and an account of the clergy who ordered them, the craftsmen who made them, and the people (often poor people subscribing) who paid for them. She is under no romantic illusion about every medieval craftsman being an inspired artist who let his fancy roam free. There were factories which sold, and even exported, works wholesale; there were books of designs (rather on the lines of Chippendale's later books on furniture) from which carvers studiously copied: church furnishing firms did not begin yesterday. But edification was the main object.

Miss Anderson's book is full of entrancing historical detail, and by no means devoid of humour, in spite of its scholarship and enthusiasm. I don't often wish that a book should be dearer than it is (who, nowadays,



MISS M. D. ANDERSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Mary Désirée Anderson, the daughter of the late Sir Hugh Anderson, who was Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, is the wife of Mr. Trenchard Cox, Director of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. She is the author of a number of books, including "The Medieval Carver," "Design for a Journey," "The Choir Stalls of Lincoln Minster," "Looking for History in British Churches," and "Misericords."



DATING FROM THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: THE MOST COMPLETE EXAMPLE OF A DOOM PAINTING, SOMEWHAT RESTORED, IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, SALISBURY. [Photograph by A. F. Kersting.]

on the sills; all that is left of sculptured reredos, and shrine and niche, hammered into dusty rubble. A carved cornice below the roof of the north aisle has been so battered that its imagery can no longer be deciphered, although the only figures which remain, a corpse in its coffin and a man in bed, suggest nothing more 'superstitious' than the Seven Works of Mercy. In few churches have I felt more keenly aware of the



ON THE NORMAN FONT AT LENTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: THE RAISING OF LAZARUS AND THE THREE MARIES AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Photograph by A. F. Kersting.

does?), but I must say that I should willingly subscribe to an expensive edition-de-luxe of this book with far more plates, and the coloured glass and sculpture reproduced in colour.

She has rounded off her service. A note says: "The author is presenting the royalties on this book to the Historical Churches Preservation Trust." The shade of Professor Tristram will bless her.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 800 of this issue.

* "The Imagery of British Churches." By M. D. Anderson, F.S.A. Illustrated. (John Murray; 25s.)



ON HIS WAY TO PRESENT A BUDGET WHICH FREED 2,400,000 PERSONS FROM INCOME TAX: MR. BUTLER LEAVING HIS HOUSE IN SMITH SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, ON THE GENIAL SPRING AFTERNOON OF APRIL 19.

The Budget which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, presented to the House of Commons on April 19, has been described as a "family man's budget," with "liberation" as its keynote. In his speech the Chancellor said: "We do not believe in a policy of consumer controls or a return to rationing, but in expansion, liberating the human spirit to give and do of his best." The financial expression of this intention was mainly confined to income tax. The standard rate was reduced by 6d., and the reduced rates by 3d. each. Allowances were increased, the single person's from £120 to £140, the married allowance from £210 to £240, and the child allowance from £85 to £100. The band of taxable income charged at the lowest rate was reduced from £100 to £60. Small Income

Relief (in which relief from tax is given on two-ninths of total instead of earned income) was raised by £50 to £300. The income limit of dependent relatives was raised to £105 and there were concessions in respect of apprentices' earnings. The only other concession was a cut in the purchase tax on household textiles other than wool from 50 per cent. to 25 per cent.—a measure designed to give some assistance to the Lancashire cotton trade. The tax concessions were estimated to cost the Exchequer £134,000,000 this year (£158,000,000 in a full year); the expenditure forecast was of an increase from £4,000,000,000 to £4,562,000,000; the revenue forecast was £4,710,000,000, which would leave the Chancellor a surplus of £148,000,000.

FROM time to time we hear on the radio—upon which we depended so much while deprived of national London newspapers—voices telling us that our expenditure on defence ought to be cut down to leave more funds for social causes. The plea is not new, but it is to-day more insistent and persuasive than of old. The voices now have a more telling argument. They say that cuts in the fighting forces, above all the Navy and Army, would not lower our power to defend ourselves, because if war should break out it would be decided entirely by nuclear weapons. They add, scornfully, that we are preparing for the last war, or the last but one. They call on us to get rid of the obsolete. They are by way of appealing to common sense rather than party spirit or anti-militarism. They chide the blinkered professionals who see nothing but the defence machinery left over from the past, and think themselves modern if they add an up-to-date gadget here or there.

Another comment on the military situation, of a startlingly different kind, has been heard. It comes from the N.A.T.O. forces in Europe. It announces that there is now a prospect of holding a defensive position further east than the Rhine, which was the best to be hoped for in the past. It welcomes the coming addition of twelve German divisions to the defence forces. Here is a strange contrast. The self-styled modernists want to see things such as divisions thrown on the scrap-heap, whereas the American General is looking forward to getting more of them. What is he thinking of? One factor certainly in his mind is the half-naked Scandinavian flank, which would be a nightmare however far east the defence position were moved. But he is thinking of more than this, of what he considers the value of every possible reinforcement increasing fighting space, holding back an aggressor as far as possible from the Continental bases and the open waters on which the supply ships and food ships sail.

It is a mistake to regard a potential enemy in war as afflicted with mental paralysis or lunacy. Neither the vast land forces, nor the tactical air forces, nor the submarine fleet, of Soviet Russia are there for ornament. She might be disappointed in the achievements of her fine and costly new cruisers, but they, too, represent a factor which we dare not overlook. These so-called conventional forces are in themselves a grave threat, without reference to the nuclear weapons which would be released in push-button warfare. Now, make no mistake about it, it is possible that a war would be decided, and decided very quickly, by these nuclear weapons alone. This cannot, however, be banked upon as a certainty. And even in a push-button war, even when we take into account the vastly increased flying ranges of aircraft, space has not ceased to be of value. The deadliness of nuclear weapons delivered by air must increase as the air bases are advanced closer to the targets.

Again, though an agreement, signed or tacit, not to use nuclear weapons is very improbable—it has often been pointed out that the West could not at present afford it without general disarmament—it would be unwise to discount it altogether. In short, the military authorities in our country and the United States have decided on modifications in their fighting forces involving increased strength in the air, at sea the virtual disappearance of the battleship, and on land a reduction in total strength accompanied by a pruning of staffs, transport, and material which appears to be redundant. They may have made mistakes in some of their estimates; they may be wrong in some of their forecasts. Yet they have faced their difficult problems in the right frame of mind. And the glib voices uttering new-coined words like "re-thinking" offer most unsatisfactory alternatives to their decisions.

In a book just published, the author, who will surely not be considered a military reactionary, remarks that "it would appear that the middle way between conservatism and excessive progress is the right one," and warns us of the danger of being so anxious not to fight the last war but one that we prepare to fight the one after the next. It is a real danger which was exemplified on several occasions in the Second World War. Colonel Miksche has always searched the future boldly and often with profit. Here he eschews all the generalities and conventionalities with which the subject is generally treated, and writes of atomic weapons and armies as coolly and confidently as

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE BUTTON-PUSHING FALLACY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

though he were preparing a text-book.* This might suggest conceit, but that is absent from his work. He admits that some of his prophecies are likely to be unfulfilled. He agrees that certain factors virtually defy the prophet. But he brings his highly original mind to bear upon the problems of a clash between armies in a war in which the new weapons come into play. His courage is shown by his discussion in detail of conditions and likely tactics.

He deliberately confines the issue. Some may find fault with his abstention from any attempt to paint a picture of nuclear war in general, but, if he had done so, either his book would have had to be considerably longer or he would have had to curtail what he sets out to say on his special branch of the subject. And

themselves. Very few, in fact, do so. For example, will armies fight at long or short range? Miksche says that the best place to be will be the front line. He must be right. Opposing forces will tend to cling to each other, to lean upon each other, because by so doing they will be secure from the effects of any kind of atomic weapon. It follows also that a second position of defence will be distant, at least out of range

of tactical ground-to-ground atomic weapons. But, if the foremost dispositions of the opposing armies are in close proximity, there will be heavy demands, in both attack and defence, for conventional weapons, from heavy artillery to light machine-guns. And if the attacker intends to use the new weapons against the enemy's foremost dispositions, he will have to break contact and withdraw at least several miles. This will be a signal for the defender to watch for.

Constant entrenchment will be called for. This is manifest as regards the defence, less so, until you think it out—or are guided by Miksche—as regards the offensive; but digging will provide a large measure of protection. Both attack and defence will find means to favour their chances, but the author thinks

that on balance this sort of warfare will afford the defence more advantages than the attack. He does not foresee the swift and fluid type of warfare which some envisage; in fact, he sees greater likelihood of both sides being "bogged down." One may ask, however, whether the side which was the weaker in the new weapons could long endure in such circumstances. What he feels sure of is that numbers would count. Once again, it seems clear that such a war would not long continue if the capitals, cities, and bases of one side were pulverised by nuclear weapons, but as a phase it is conceivable and might prove highly important.

I am not, however, reviewing Colonel Miksche's book so much as using it for my own purposes, though it is interesting enough to provide material for the whole of this page instead of half of it. Public opinion often affects national defence, even when politicians and their military advisers know that public opinion is in error. Remember that even Haldane in his great reforms had to present

them as economies in addition. He did this very cleverly, but the first Territorial forces sent abroad in the First World War were, none the less, badly equipped in artillery, and suffered for it. A serious danger exists of public opinion deciding that this is a push-button age and that nothing will count in it but pushing buttons. This would be a perilous frame of mind.

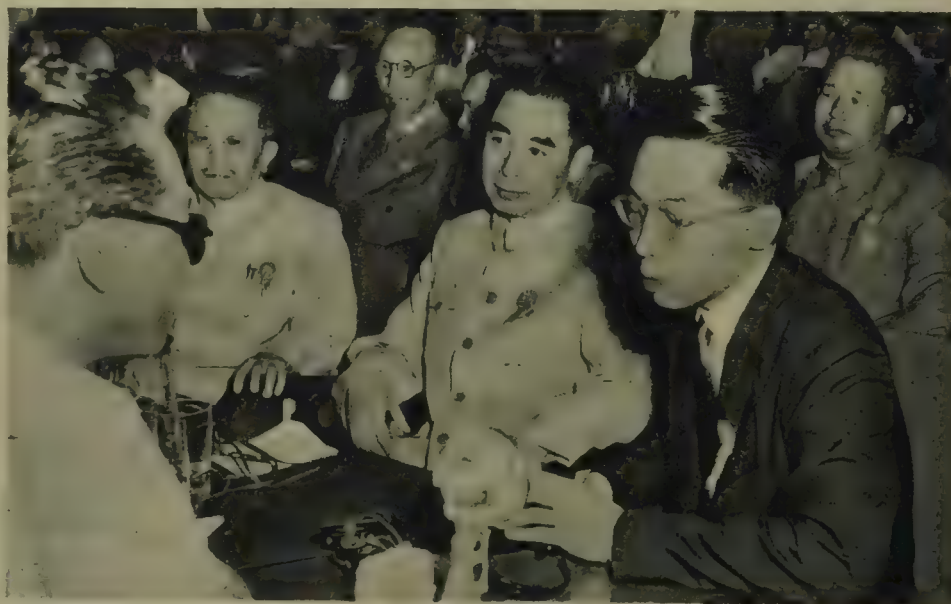
I need say little about the wars of a secondary type which have broken out since the Second World War and may do so again, without bringing on nuclear warfare. That question has been widely discussed, here and elsewhere, and most people realise the weight of the calls made by these wars on the conventional forces of air, sea, and land, but especially land. But imagine what would be the effect of cutting-down land forces and tactical air forces now stationed on the European continent. The spirit would go out of our allies; some of them might decide there and then to "pack up," even if they did not announce the fact. One can foresee a swift growth of Communism in France, then Communists in the Government, perhaps just a few at first, then more, till it is finally dominated by them. What would be the effect on the free community of Western Germany? The voices of which I have spoken may retort that we should, of course, leave some forces in Germany as symbols. The answer to that is that this is the solution which France greatly feared before our present

Prime Minister made his historic commitment. From the naval point of view, hearkening to the voices would be equally disastrous. To start with, the lack of any means of protecting the sea routes between this country and the American continent in the event of war would be going a long way towards ensuring starvation, whatever the result or nature of the war. Everyone who has studied the question knows that air forces are not in a state of development when they can take over full convoy duties with any prospect of success. Besides, it is possible to imagine circumstances in which threats to maritime communications might arise when it would be a grave decision to precipitate a war with nuclear weapons. At such a moment it would be a great deal to know that the Navy was, as far as possible, in a position to resume its traditional duty. We cannot afford to let ourselves be persuaded into the adoption of wild-cat theories. It would be better to over-insure than to do that.

THE AFRO-ASIAN CONFERENCE.



"THE FIRST INTERCONTINENTAL CONFERENCE OF THE SO-CALLED COLOURED PEOPLES IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND": PRESIDENT SOEKARNO OF INDONESIA (AT THE TRIBUNE), OPENING THE AFRO-ASIAN CONFERENCE IN THE THEATRE OF THE FORMER DUTCH CLUB AT BANDUNG, IN WESTERN JAVA, ON APRIL 18.



THE CHINESE PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. CHOU EN-LAI (PALE TUNIC, CENTRE), AT THE BANDUNG CONFERENCE, WHICH HE ADDRESSED ON APRIL 19. The Afro-Asian Conference, convened by the five Colombo Plan Powers, met at the mountain resort of Bandung, above Jakarta, in Western Java, on April 18. Delegates of the following twenty-nine countries were present: Afghanistan, Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, China, Egypt, Ethiopia, the Gold Coast, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Laos, the Lebanon, Liberia, Libya, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, Persia, Saudi Arabia, the Sudan, Syria, Thailand, Turkey, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, and the Yemen. The dominating figures of the Conference were expected to be Mr. Nehru, Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, and Colonel Nasser of Egypt. Mr. Chou En-lai spoke on April 19 in unexpectedly moderate terms. At the end of the third day, on April 20, the Conference settled down to work in three committees—political, economic and cultural. The agenda was for the most part of a general nature; and the Conference was generally supposed to have as its chief purpose the opportunity for a number of heads of states to meet in private and informal discussions. The official language of the Conference was English.

this is of particular value because he is dealing with a subject as yet hardly explored. I recall one American work on it, but none in this country. In any case, Colonel Miksche is one of very few who could have written a book of this kind, whereas many could write one of the other type. It is likely to be in demand in the libraries of military educational establishments, but to the general public it may not make quite the appeal of "Blitzkrieg," especially as that was published in the midst of the war and after the astonishing exhibition of the power, speed, and range of German armoured forces; but all who take a serious interest in military developments ought to read it.

Tactical theory often sounds so obvious, when it is explained, that readers think they would have had no difficulty in reaching the same conclusions

* "Atomic Weapons and Armies." By Lieut.-Colonel F. O. Miksche. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)



A CONTRAST BETWEEN A TRADITIONAL TRADE AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT IN THE LANDES: A DERRICK IN PARENTIS OIL FIELD, AND (FOREGROUND) A PEASANT SCORING THE TRUNK OF A PINE-TREE TO OBTAIN RESIN.



STANDING AMID THE PINES AND SCRUB WHICH COVER THE MAJOR PART OF THE LANDES: ONE OF THE DERRICKS OF THE PARENTIS OILFIELDS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF PARENTIS 9 DERRICK IN PROGRESS: OIL WAS STRUCK AT PARENTIS WELL 1 IN 1954; AND FURTHER WELLS HAVE BEEN DRILLED.



ABOVE: THE STORAGE FARM AT PARENTIS OILFIELD, SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND THE PINE FORESTS WHICH WERE PLANTED TO ARREST THE INVASION OF THE LANDES BY THE SAND-DUNES: THE STORING FARM AT PARENTIS OILFIELD IN CONSTRUCTION.



SEPARATORS IN THE STORING FARM AT PARENTIS OILFIELD: THE OIL HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE OF EXCELLENT QUALITY, YIELDING ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF PURE PETROL ON DISTILLATION.

The oil-bearing stratum has been found to be at least 500 ft. thick, with a pressure of over 3000 lb. to the square inch, and the oil is of excellent quality. Well Parentis I is now in regular production and new wells have been drilled. The Landes, where

THE discovery and development of oil in Southern France is an important aspect of the growth of French economy, and considerable hopes are based upon it, as M. Mendès-France noted in an interview soon after the fall of his Government. We give photographs of the Parentis oilfield, some fifty miles south of Bordeaux, where oil was struck at the eastern end of a lake slightly north of Mimizan, at a depth of 7429 feet, on March 22, 1954. Prospecting had been in progress by the French Esso Standard company since April 1951.

(Continued below, left.)



A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MEN AT WORK IN PARENTIS OILFIELD: NIGHT OPERATIONS IN PROGRESS.

the Parentis oil-wells are situated, is an area covered with sand and pine-trees, the latter planted to arrest the encroachment of the sand-dunes. The local industry of collecting resin by scoring the pine trunks is still carried on.

THE DISCOVERY OF OIL IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: AN INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT ON WHICH HIGH ECONOMIC HOPES ARE BASED.

NOW OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: THE MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.



A NATIONAL CENTRE FOR THE STUDY OF EVERY ASPECT OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE BEFORE MECHANISATION THRUST THE OLD WAYS INTO DESUETUDE: THE MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE, PART OF READING UNIVERSITY. FOUNDED IN 1951, IT IS NOW OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME.

AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY OPEN HEARTH RECONSTRUCTED. THE FIRE WAS NOT CONTAINED IN A GRATE; COOKING-POTS WERE HUNG ABOVE IT OR PUSHED INTO IT ON TRIVETS.



BRASSES CARRIED BY WEST COUNTRY FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ON THEIR ANNUAL WALKS: PART OF A FINE COLLECTION OF 350, RECENTLY ACQUIRED.



A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF A LINCOLNSHIRE WAGON MADE IN 1829 AND USED IN LEADENHAM, Lincs. LACK OF SPACE PREVENTS THE FULL DISPLAY OF WAGON AND PLOUGH COLLECTIONS.



DATING FROM 1875, THIS STEAM ENGINE FOR DRIVING A THRESHING MACHINE IS HERE BEING DEMONSTRATED DURING A B.B.C. TELEVISION RELAY.



MUSEUM STAFF DEMONSTRATING AN EARLY TYPE OF WINNOWING FAN FOR SEPARATING CHAFF FROM GRAIN DURING A TELEVISION RELAY. THE RECORDS OF OLD FARMING WAYS WOULD VANISH WITHOUT TRACE BUT FOR THE MUSEUM'S ENTERPRISE.



THE BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS AND PRODUCTS OF LONG AGO. THE DETAILS OF A DISAPPEARING CRAFT WILL BE READILY AVAILABLE TO AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS OF THE FUTURE AND TO ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN RURAL ENGLAND.

With the modern revolution in farming methods, the old days and ways of British agriculture are being rapidly forgotten. It was to obviate this that the University of Reading founded in 1951 the Museum of English Rural Life. Unfortunately, it was not then possible for the general public to see the collection, but now, from April 27, a proportion of the 4000 exhibits, assembled from all parts of England, will be on general view. The Chancellor of Reading University, the Right Hon. Viscount Templeton, undertook to take the chair at the opening ceremony, and Sir Keith Murray, Chairman of the University Grants Committee, to declare the Museum open. The Museum's aim is to create a national centre for the study of every aspect of the English countryside. From records, photographs and eye-witness accounts, it is gathering an invaluable store of information. New exhibits are pouring in. Recent acquisitions include some 600 brasses of

different type. At the present time, it is not possible to display many of the larger exhibits, such as the splendid collections of wagons and ploughs, but the exhibition rooms succeed in presenting a vivid picture of the methods used in the countryside a century ago, and cover such aspects as farming, the farmhouse, rural crafts and the social life of the village. There is a reconstruction of an open-hearth fireplace of the type that might have been found in any farmhouse kitchen early in the nineteenth century, brass and copper cooking utensils, dairy and home brewing implements, and a domestic crafts case giving examples of home spinning, weaving, lace-making and glove-making. The Museum provides a photographic index containing a picture of every exhibit; it also carries out research and arranges loan exhibitions. It is open during the summer every week-day (except Monday), 10.30—5 p.m., and on Sundays, 2.30—5 p.m.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY—1955.



"THE FIRST BALL DRESS"; BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A. AN INTERIOR WITH FIGURES, IN THIS ARTIST'S WELL-KNOWN MANNER, ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION, 1955, WHICH IS DUE TO OPEN TO THE PUBLIC TO-DAY, APRIL 30.



"SPRING ON THE PROMENADE"; BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A. A SEASIDE LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, BY AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK IN BLACK AND WHITE IS WELL KNOWN TO OUR READERS.



"LORD AND LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY AND THEIR CHILDREN AT PENSURST PLACE"; BY NORMAN HEPPLE, A.R.A. LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C., WAS APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR IN 1951.



"LUMBER ROOM"; BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL, R.A. A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THIS ARTIST'S STYLE. ON ANOTHER PAGE WE REPRODUCE HIS "STILL LIFE WITH FISH."

On this and the following pages we reproduce a selection of works on view in the 187th Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, which is due to open to the public to-day, April 30, after the Private View arranged for Friday, April 29. Aspects of English life have inspired many of the pictures on view in the galleries of Burlington House, Piccadilly, including landscapes of our green and pleasant land, portraits of notable men and women and numerous subject pictures with a strongly national flavour. Although Mr. Campbell Taylor's meticulously painted interiors with figures may have taken their inspiration from the Dutch genre

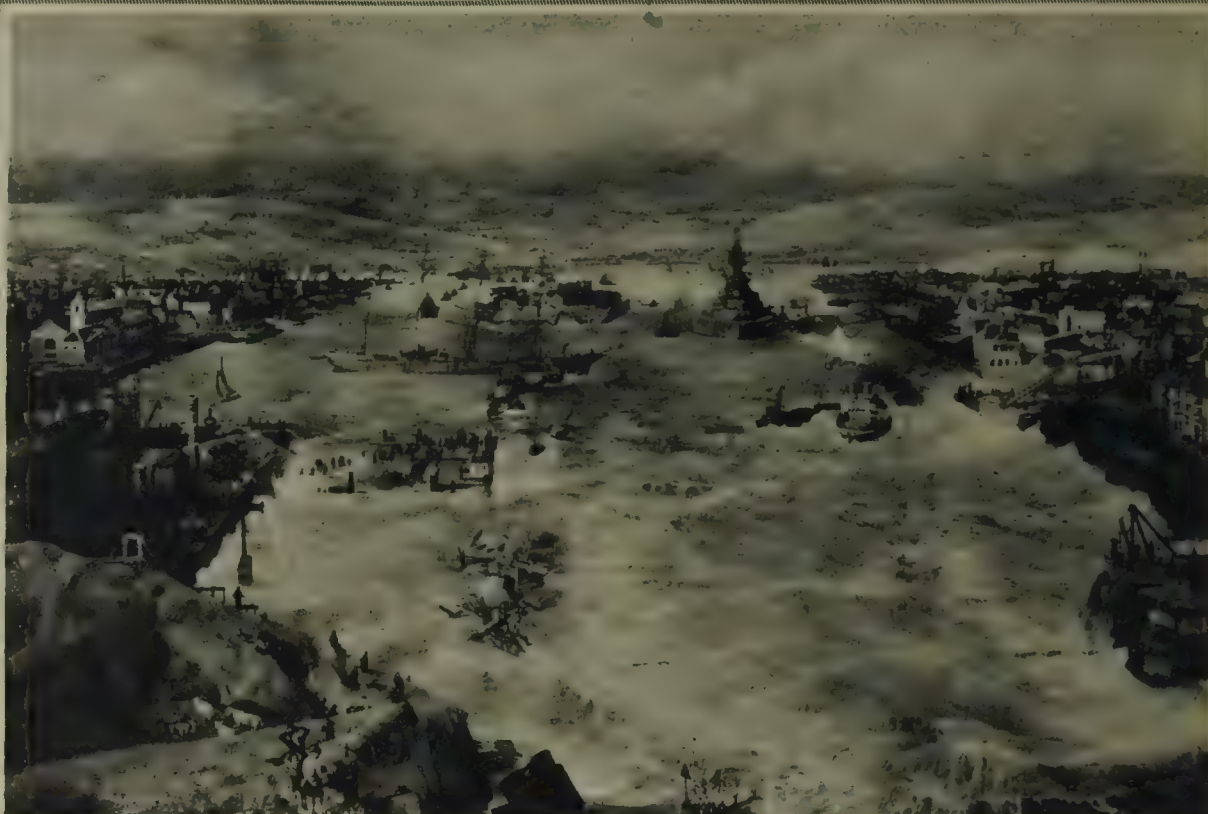
pictures of the seventeenth century, their atmosphere is that of our own country and their elegance and taste belong to Britain. The Conversation Piece of Lord and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley, by Mr. Norman Hepple, was painted at Penshurst Place, the famous seat of the Sidney family, who have played so leading a part in our history. The children shown are Lord de L'Isle and Dudley's sons, the Hon. Philip Sidney, who is now ten years of age, and the Hon. Elizabeth Hon. Catherine, the Hon. Anne and the Hon. Lucy Sidney, born in 1941, 1942, 1947 and 1953 respectively.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION



"NOMADS IN AN ABANDONED CHATEAU"; BY SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A. A PICTURE WHICH DEMONSTRATES HIS IMMENSELY SKILFUL USE OF WATER-COLOUR.



"FLOODWATER"; BY RICHARD EURICH, R.A. A DECORATIVE WORK IN WHICH A WIDE VARIETY OF SHIPPING AND A HELICOPTER ARE DEPICTED. - MR. EURICH WAS AN OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST 1941-45; AND HIS "DUNKIRK BEACH 1940" WAS PURCHASED FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.



"THE ESTUARY"; BY TRISTRAM HILLIER. A PAINTING IN WHICH DESOLATION HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO BEAUTY.



"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE"; BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A. A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF HIS PEACEFUL VIEWS OF SUNLIT ENGLAND.



"WORMINGFORD, WINTER"; BY JOHN NASH, R.A., WHO WAS ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN OFFICIAL WAR ARTISTS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR.



"A SHADY CORNER"; BY SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, PAST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER OF HORSES.

Visitors to the annual summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy expect to find examples of the work of our best-known painters in the several styles with which they are generally associated; and they are seldom disappointed. This year will prove no exception, for in the exhibition which is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, April 30, such leading artists as, for example, Dame Laura Knight,

D.B.E., R.A., Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., and Sir Alfred Munnings, past P.R.A., have all sent paintings whose subjects and manner are familiar to their various admirers. Dame Laura, for instance, is exhibiting, among other works, the splendidly lively and vivid circus scene, "Liberty Horses," which we reproduce, as well as a landscape, "The Larch Tree" (which we do not illustrate), painted

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NOTABLE WORKS BY LEADING PAINTERS.



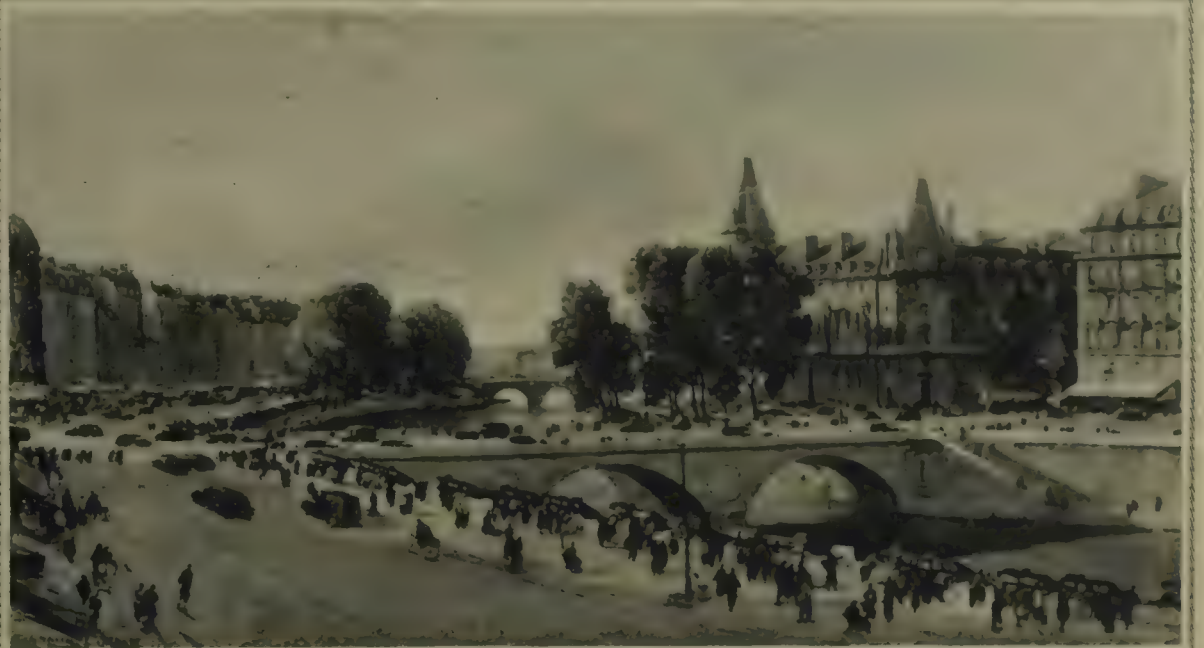
"LE MANS"; BY PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, P.R.A., AND PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE, R.A. SCHOOLS, SINCE 1947. HE WAS AWARDED THE R.I.B.A. ROYAL GOLD MEDAL 1947.



"GROSVENOR, BATH"; BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A. A STUDY OF BUILDINGS IN A DISTRICT ON THE LONDON ROAD OF THE FAMOUS SPA.



"SUCCULENTS"; BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A. A STUDY OF SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR VARIETIES OF POT PLANTS, WHICH ARE BECOMING AN INCREASINGLY POPULAR HOUSE DECORATION.



(ABOVE.)
"THE LEFT BANK, PARIS"; BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A. A FINE PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL, WITH STROLLERS EXAMINING BOOK-BOXES ON THE PARAPET OF THE RIVER.



(LEFT.)
"STILL LIFE WITH FISH"; BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL, R.A. AN UNUSUAL SUBJECT FOR THIS WELL-KNOWN PAINTER.

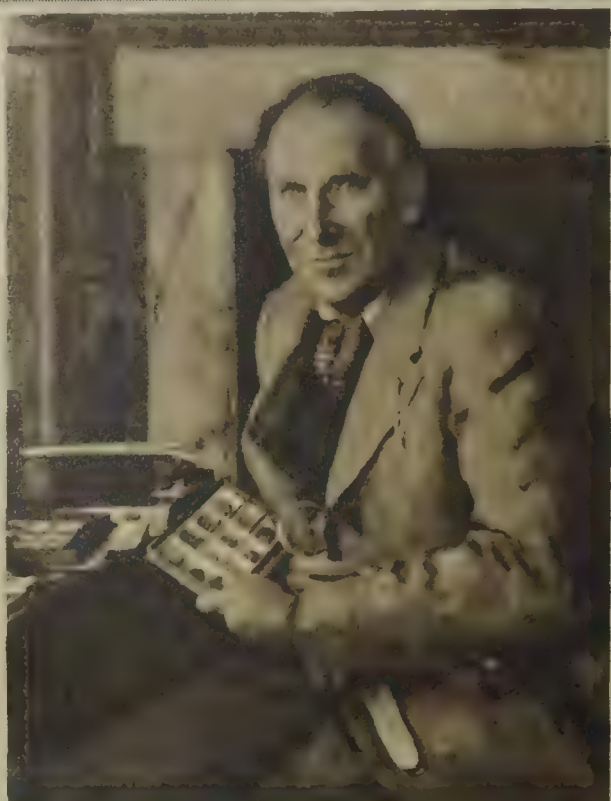


(RIGHT.)
"LIBERTY HORSES"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A. ONE OF THE CIRCUS SUBJECTS WHICH THIS DISTINGUISHED ARTIST SO OFTEN CHOOSES.

with characteristic vigour, and a lovely portrait head of a girl, shown on another page. Sir William Russell Flint's immense skill as a water-colour painter is again demonstrated in the subject picture which we reproduce on this page, and Sir Alfred Munnings' horse pictures this year include "A Shady Corner," which shows an equine group with a young lad, in a sunlit paddock. Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's

"Succulents," illustrated on this page, does, however, represent a somewhat unusual subject for him in the group of pot plants of varieties which have now become an increasingly fashionable form of interior decoration for British homes. Among the water-colours on view this year is an early draft of the drawing of St. Sophia, Istanbul, by Alan Sorrell, reproduced in colour on this page.

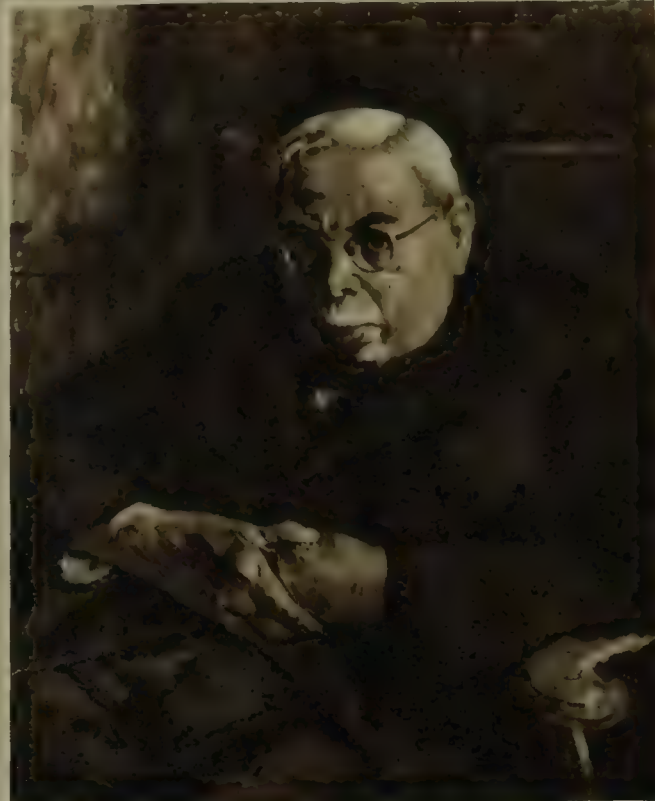
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1955: PORTRAITS AND CONVERSATION PIECES.



"E. STANLEY G. ROBINSON, ESQ., LATELY KEEPER OF COINS, BRITISH MUSEUM"; BY ANTHONY DEVAS, A.R.A., PORTRAIT, FIGURE AND SUBJECT PAINTER.



"AT THE COUTURIÈRE"; BY ANTHONY DEVAS, A.R.A., WHO IS REPRESENTED IN NUMEROUS PUBLIC GALLERIES IN THIS COUNTRY.



"HENRY ARNOLD, ESQ."; A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT BY RUSKIN SPEAR, R.A., WHO IS VISITING TEACHER, ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



"PENELOPE, WIFE OF MICHAEL HUGHES-HALLETT, ESQ., AND HER CHILDREN"; BY JOHN WHEATLEY, A.R.A., PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.



"JACK ARIS AND FAMILY"; BY A. R. THOMSON, R.A., A CONVERSATION PIECE IN WHICH EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY IS POSED WITH AN OBJECT INDICATING HIS OR HER PARTICULAR HOBBY.



"JOAN RHODES"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A. A VERY BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT BY ONE OF OUR BEST-KNOWN WOMEN PAINTERS.



"HELEN"; BY B. FLEETWOOD-WALKER, A.R.A., WHOSE WORKS HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY PUBLIC GALLERIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



"THE VISCOUNTESS CRANBORNE"; BY HENRY LAMB, M.C., R.A. THE SITTER IS THE WIFE OF LORD SALISBURY'S SON AND HEIR.

The 187th Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, which is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, April 30, after the Private View arranged for April 29, contains, as is usual, a very large number of portraits. These are headed by the much-discussed painting of her Majesty the Queen by the Italian artist, Pietro Annigoni (which was reproduced as a full-page in our issue of

March 26), and include both ceremonial "full-dress" presentation portraits and more informal paintings of the various sitters. The Conversation Piece has always been a very greatly appreciated art form, and the exhibition contains some outstanding examples. In "Jack Aris and Family" Mr. A. R. Thomson has posed his sitters each holding an object which indicates his or her hobby.

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THE ALL-SEEING EYES OF BUDDHA REPRESENTED IN NEWAR ART: THE GLORIOUS STUPA OF SWAYAMBHUNATH, IN NEPAL.

The remarkable art of Nepal expressed in woodcarving and in bronze and copper work originated with the Newars, who came from Tibet and were later conquered by the Gurkhas. The religion followed by the Nepalese has elements of the Gurkha Hindu cult combined with the Newars' Buddhism. The superb Stupa of Swayambhunath at the summit of a pointed hill in Katmandu, reached by 500 steps, is venerated by Buddhist and Hindu alike. It bears a representation of the all-seeing eyes of Buddha above a stylised nose which

suggests a question mark. Built originally in the third century A.D. and restored many times. Legend records that it was founded by the Buddha himself. He planted the tree which grew into the city of Katmandu now stands. He prophesied that when the great Swayambhunath the "self-existent," would leap from its hill to form a lake would become rich land.

Colour photograph by Tom Weir.



WHERE THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS WERE CROWNED: UNDER THE HUGE DOME OF 1400-YEAR

The Great Church (*Megule Ekklesia*) of Constantinople was built on this site by Constantine the Great and called *Hagia Sophia* (Divine Wisdom) in 325 A.D. It was enlarged by Constantius I. and destroyed by fire in 404. Rebuilt by Theodosius in 415, it was destroyed again in 532. Within forty days Justinian laid the foundation-stone of the enlarged and magnificent building which remains to this day. His architects were Anthemius of Tralles

and Isidorus of Miletus ; and the vast church, with its huge and revolutionary dome, enriched with the treasures of the ancient world, was inaugurated by Justinian on December 27, 537, when he walked towards the pulpit and cried : " Glory be to God, who hath deemed me worthy to accomplish such a work ! Oh, Solomon, I have surpassed thee ! " In 557 the dome crashed and Justinian had it rebuilt by Isidorus the Younger, the son of the former Isidorus ;

Specially painted for " The Illustrations "



OLD ST. SOPHIA, ISTANBUL, THE FLOWER AND MASTERPIECE OF BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

and the second inauguration took place in 558 A.D. Under the Christian Emperors it was continuously repaired and enriched; and after the conquest of May 29, 1453, Mehmet II. Fatih had it converted into a mosque. All the Christian furnishings were removed and various Islamic furnishings added, including the four exterior minarets, during the Ottoman period, but the main beauties of the building survived. In 1934 it was secularised as a museum

London News by Alan Sorrell.

of Byzantine and Turkish art. During last summer our Artist, Mr. Alan Sorrell, was in Istanbul and painted this picture of the great expanse beneath the dome, looking eastwards towards right the apse and the pulpit-like *Halkar* made of mosaic. The roped-round mosaic right foreground is the *Omphalos*, where part of the great mosaic and where, it is believed, the throne of the Emperor stood for the coronation ceremony.



PREPARING FOR THE CHANGE OF SHIFT: THE HEN STRETCHES UPWARDS TO THE FULL, WAITING FOR HER MATE TO COME AND TAKE A TURN AT SITTING ON THE EGGS. THE NEST USUALLY CONTAINS THREE TO SIX EGGS.



CLEANING AND TIDYING THE NEST: THE HERON CLEARING THE NEST OF ODDMENTS OF FOREIGN MATTER. BEFORE SITTING ON THE EGGS, THE HERON TURNS THEM OVER SEVERAL TIMES WITH HIS BEAK.



IN AN ATTITUDE OF ALARM: THE HERON HALF-RISING, WITH THE BEAK TURNED TOWARDS A POSSIBLE ENEMY. THE PURPLE HERON IS DISTINGUISHED FROM THE COMMON HERON BY ITS SMALLER SIZE AND DARKER COLORATION.



COMFORTABLY SETTLED ON THE EGGS: THE PURPLE HERON PHOTOGRAPHED ON ITS NEST IN THE CAMARGUE. ITS LONG, CHESTNUT NECK IS STRIPED WITH BLACK, THE CROWN AND BACK OF THE HEAD ARE PURPLISH BLACK.

ON ITS NEST IN THE CAMARGUE: THE SPLENDID PURPLE HERON RECORDED IN COLOUR.

The purple heron (*Ardea purpurea*) replaces the common heron over wide tracts of Southern Europe. It is one of the most-photographed birds in the Camargue and has on several occasions found its way to this country, the last occasion being at Kew in 1952. Mr. Werner Haller, photographer and bird-watcher, visited the Camargue, in the South of France, and there, aided by two assistants, discovered the nesting-place of some twenty pairs. After crossing a murky-looking lake in a fishing-boat, Mr. Haller and his companions made their way through wet and tangled undergrowth to the

nesting-place. There a tent was erected among the reeds and left undisturbed for two days so as to accustom the birds to its presence. Then Mr. Haller took up his position in the hide, with his camera behind a hole in the canvas. The herons, quite unaware of the presence of an intruder, brooded their eggs and cleaned out their nests, and Mr. Haller was able to take the colour photographs which are shown on this page. The call of the purple heron is very similar to that of the common heron, but the purple heron is seldom vocal.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. IT ALL LOOKS SO EASY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of Eve (Fig. 2), now to be seen in the current Old Master Drawings Exhibition at Colnaghi's. We are looking at a scrap of paper covered with a few ink lines; much more than that, we are witnessing a magnificent draughtsman slaving away at a dream, searching for the ideal proportions of the human figure and endeavouring to probe the mystery of form by reference to the laws of geometry, for the figure is built up around carefully-marked proportion lines.

There are two kinds of drawings—those made by the artist as a means to an end—that is, notes for himself which he will keep by him and make use of later—and those deliberately drawn as finished works. Not until the days of Boucher, in the eighteenth century, were the latter sort made—and how delightful these can be is clear enough from a landscape by Boucher in this exhibition. The Eve was not meant for our eyes at all, but merely for Dürer's own instruction, an essay on a page of an eager and intensely serious student's notebook. For that reason some may find it tiresome and ungainly, but I suggest that the exercise of a little imagination will place it in its true perspective as evidence of a very great artist's absorption in his craft, part of the scaffolding by means of which the final edifice was erected. The date, 1508, presents a minor puzzle, for there seems to be no doubt that the drawing must be one of the proportion studies from which the figure of Eve in the etching eventually developed. But the etching dates from 1504, and the generally accepted explanation is that Dürer was in the habit of adding his monogram and the date to many of his drawings later in his career, irrespective of the year in which they were made.

If this powerful and monumental scrap of paper proves too severe for some tastes, the exhibition contains more than a hundred less serious studies by all kinds of people, known and very nearly unknown, together with a few anonymous items over which the visitor can exercise his wits, among which I choose the black-and-white chalk drawing of Fig. 1, partly because it is a singularly agreeable piece of work, and partly because it provides so complete a contrast to the Dürer—a hurried impression of an individual, rather than a scientific striving after an ideal figure. This brilliant smudge (no offence intended) is attributed in the catalogue to Gabriel de Saint-Aubin (1724-1780), who was runner-up for the Prix de Rome in 1752, Fragonard leading in what would apparently have been a photo-finish if such a device had been invented 200 years ago. (I must apologise for such an inaccurate analogy from the Turf; it so happened that just when I was puzzling my head about the Saint-Aubin family—that is, about Gabriel and his younger brothers, Augustin, and Charles Germain—I became immersed in a discussion about the Grand National.)

But all that period in France is fascinating, not merely because of the painters, but because of the grace and wit and brilliance of dozens of illustrators employed

by various amateurs; among all these the Saint-Aubin brothers are pre-eminent, with their extraordinary faculty for indicating groups of figures with apparently effortless strokes, and for giving an air of good breeding to whatever subject they touch, a gift shared in good measure by their somewhat younger contemporary, Moreau le Jeune.

I suppose most people when going round a show of this kind like to name the various items for themselves



THE less gifted among us—you and I, for example—faced by a book or a picture which seems pretty good of its kind, are liable to take it for granted, admire the apparent facility with which it has been produced,



FIG. 1. "A YOUNG MAN"; ATTRIBUTED TO GABRIEL DE SAINT-AUBIN (1724-1780). *VERSO: STUDY OF HANDS.* (Black and white chalks on buff paper; 7½ by 5½ ins.)

Gabriel-Jacques de Saint-Aubin, brother of Charles Germain de Saint-Aubin, was a pupil of Jaurat, Collin de Vermont and Boucher. He painted first heroic, then domestic, subjects, and left a number of etchings.

and wish we ourselves could do something one-tenth as fine, even at the cost of twice as much effort; we could then strut about with a good opinion of ourselves. In fact, most of the things which look so easy have been the result of years of study and labour. Moreover—and this is the heart of the matter—each new work, as it takes shape in its author's imagination, as often as not becomes subject to all kinds of emendations, rearrangements and second thoughts. This was brought home forcefully to me when I read the series of letters of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, published about six months ago, for who in the ordinary way would guess that his inspired and inimitable nonsense did not flow like a limpid stream, but had to be dammed and harnessed in such a way that he would sometimes write a hundred thousand words and, finally, publish only thirty thousand?

It is a long way back from Mr. Wodehouse to Albrecht Dürer, and I dare say that I shall find myself in hot water in some quarters for mentioning Bertie Wooster and Lord Emsworth and the Empress of Blandings in the same breath as the great Renaissance artist's "Adam and Eve" (I suppose about the best-known etching in the world). The excuse is that each man is a craftsman with his own special excellence, and each has taken infinite pains over his work. A number of Dürer drawings clearly connected with the etching survive; of these the majority are of the figure of Adam. Here is one



FIG. 2. "A NUDE WOMAN WITH A STAFF"; BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528). (Pen and brown ink, the background washed black; 9½ by 3½ ins.)

This Dürer drawing from the collection of Prince George Lubomirski, was formerly deposited in the Lemberg Museum. It is one of several proportion studies from which the figure of Eve in the etching of Adam and Eve eventually developed.



FIG. 3. "A HINDU BROUGHT TO THE GANGES TO DIE"; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810). (Black, red and white chalks on blue-grey paper; 10½ by 13½ ins.)

This unusual drawing by Zoffany is, in common with the others illustrated on this page, on view at Colnaghi's Exhibition of Old Master Drawings which opened last week at their Old Bond Street Galleries, and will continue until May 25.

before referring to the catalogue, adding up the score later, and, if you are like me, you will find it a very wholesome way of convincing yourself of your abysmal ignorance. I fell down hopelessly over the drawing of Fig. 3, and could get no further than the certainty that it was eighteenth century and by some Englishman; but I admit I never thought of Johann Zoffany, who does not normally appear in so sensitive or so romantic a mood. The drawing is in black, red and white chalks on blue-grey paper, and might be a puzzle to this day had not Zoffany obligingly signed it on the back in his own hand and added the date, 1788—that is, the year before he left India. It is, in fact, one of a series drawn by him at this period, and of a type apparently represented in Zoffany's sale in 1811. The inscription on the back, badly spelt and ungrammatical, refers to "a Hindu brought to the Water to die his daughter officiating the . . . benevolent service doth give him so much Ganges water till it stops his breath," and so forth. Then comes the name "Captain Mordant" [sic], which will, no doubt, ring a bell in most people's memories, for Zoffany's most famous oil painting is probably the one of Colonel Mordaunt's "Cockfight" at Lucknow, 1786, well known from Earlom's engraving and, apart from its merit as a sound piece of painting by a master of the eighteenth-century "conversation piece," a most intriguing document of the manners and amusements of the English in India.

Among the lesser-known makers of portraits in chalk and pencil was Samuel de Wilde (1748-1832), and by him are two drawings in black and white chalks of Mr. and Mrs. James Boaden—good things in themselves, and also of literary interest, for it was James Boaden who exposed the Ireland Shakespeare forgeries in 1796, and who later identified the Mr. "W. H.", of the dedication to the Sonnets with William Herbert, afterwards 3rd Earl of Pembroke.

The Czech, Wenzel Hollar (1607-1677), who settled in England, is represented by a marvellously simple, straightforward piece of reporting, a view of Vienna, done when he was in the suite of the Earl of Arundel in 1636; he has used pen and ink, and the thing looks as easy as pie. He had that gift, apparently, of being able to start at the left-hand edge of his paper and ending up exactly where he wanted to on the right without conscious thought—a gift which the late Sir Muirhead Bone also possessed and which always seems, to me, most extraordinary. I end as I began with Dürer—a little brush drawing on blue Venetian paper, a head of a child, 110 mm. x 90 mm., that is 4½ by 3½ ins.; a noble and delicate piece of work in a small space.

THE GLORIES OF ANCIENT BYZANTIUM: MOSAICS AND FRESCOS NEWLY REVEALED AND RESTORED IN THE CHURCH OF THE CHORA, ISTANBUL.

WHEN St. Sophia, Istanbul—a painting of the interior of which is reproduced in full colour in this issue—was secularised between the wars, outstanding among those associated with its restoration was the late Mr. Thomas Whittemore, then Director of the Byzantine Institute. While still engaged on that work Mr. Whittemore began the rehabilitation of the mosaics in the Kahrie Djami (formerly the Church of the Monastery of the Chora). Considerable public interest in Byzantine art has arisen in recent years in good part as the result of archaeological studies and the restoration of long-neglected monuments. Byzantine mosaic-art which enlivened the interiors of Byzantine churches in glowing icons of brilliantly-coloured tesserae of glass and stone has been mainly represented by examples from the more westerly reaches of Byzantine influence, where the churches had remained continuously in Christian service and been more adequately maintained. In more recent years, some eastern centres, in which such monuments survive, have witnessed the restoration of works, formerly covered by paint or plaster, which now supply, for the admiration of the world, the more purely Byzantine elements of monumental

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) FIG. 1. "ANGELS OF THE LORD": PART OF THE SERIES OF FRESCOS IN THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE CHORA, NOW REVEALED IN THEIR FULL BEAUTY. THE MASTERLY PAINTING OF THE DRAPERIES RECALLS THE CLASSICAL TRADITION.



FIG. 4. FOUR OF THE "THIRTY-NINE ANCESTORS OF CHRIST": MOSAICS IN THE SOUTH DOME OF THE INNER NARTHEX. THE TWO ON THE RIGHT HAVE BEEN CLEANED, THE OTHER TWO ARE STILL OBSCURED WITH PAINT AND THE DIRT OF AGES.

[Continued.]

painting and mosaic. In these pages our readers are acquainted with some of the recent results of one of the important works of restoration in Istanbul, ancient Constantinople, the city which governed the destinies of the Byzantine Empire for more than a millennium. With the exemplary encouragement of the Turkish Government and under the direction of Mr. Paul Underwood, the Byzantine Institute of America (Boston) has continued the restoration of the mosaics in the Kahrie Djami (formerly the Church of the Monastery of the Chora), which we first reported in our issue of April 28, 1951. In the early years of the sixteenth century the church was transformed into a mosque, its mosaics and frescoes



FIG. 5. "THE FOUNDER, THE LOGOTHETE OF THE IMPERIAL TREASURY, THEODOROS METOCHITES": A MOSAIC PORTRAIT OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY DONOR AND REBUILDER OF THE CHURCH OF THE CHORA—WHICH HE HOLDS IN HIS HANDS.

necessarily effaced by paint and whitewash, and it remained in the service of the Moslem faith until a decade ago, when it was disaffected and proclaimed a public monument. Built upon the site of earlier structures, the nucleus of the present church is eleventh century, with alterations, repairs and additions of the early fourteenth century. That rebuilding, which included a complete new set of mosaics and frescoes, was the pious donation of one of Palæologan Constantinople's most distinguished personages, the Logothete Theodoros Metochites, whose mosaic portrait we reproduce here for the first time since restoration (Fig. 5). When he so handsomely served as patron and donor, he little realised that adverse political



FIG. 2. CROWNING THE DOME OF THE CHORA: A MEDALLION OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN FRESCO, SURROUNDED BY ANGELS (SEE ALSO FIG. 1), SEPARATED BY COMPLEX DECORATIVE PANELS, NO TWO OF WHICH ARE ALIKE.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE SCENES OF THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN, AN EXTENSIVE CYCLE OF MOSAICS IN THE INNER NARTHEX: "THE THEOTOKOS (MOTHER OF GOD) RECEIVING THE BREAD FROM THE ANGEL"—NOW RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL BRILLIANCE.

fortunes would later bring him to the monastery to take up orders as a penniless monk, there to pass the remainder of his life and receive burial. The donor picture, above the entrance to the church, is set in the midst of one of the most extensive and beautifully rendered mosaic cycles of the Life of the Virgin Mary (Fig. 6). Eighteen of the original twenty scenes survive in lunettes, arches and vaults, and have now been cleaned and solidified. The same narthex contains a severely damaged monumental representation of the Deesis (Fig. 7), and two domes, in whose gracefully-shaped flutes are represented the ancestors of Christ (Fig. 4). Details of these mosaics are illustrated here. Of the sister art of



FIG. 3. THE MORTUARY CHAPEL FRESCOES, WHERE MUCH IS STILL TO BE REVEALED. (CENTRE, LEFT) A SUPERB "HARROWING OF HELL"; (RIGHT) THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS; (ABOVE) THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL; (BELOW) CHURCH FATHERS AND THE VIRGIN.



FIG. 7. THE FACE OF THE "MOTHER OF GOD," DETAIL OF A FIGURE ABOUT TWICE LIFE SIZE, INTERCEDING WITH CHRIST IN A MONUMENTAL PANEL OF THE DEESIS. SOME OF THE GOLD TESSERÆ OF THE BACKGROUND ARE LOST.

fresco-painting in Constantinople almost nothing has heretofore been visible. One of the very few places where frescoes were known to remain was again the Kahrie Djami, in the mortuary chapel built by Theodoros Metochites to adorn the south side of the church. The removal of the paints and whitewashes, which had almost completely obscured these paintings, is now in progress, and we present two general views of areas where the astounding results now reveal some of the finest works of late Byzantine painting. Especially impressive are the "Harrowing of Hell," in the conch of the apse, and the series of angels in the dome, the former a true masterpiece of Byzantine art.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

BY far the most enchanting thing in flower here just now—"now" being about a week after Easter—is *Narcissus watieri*, which is surely one of the loveliest of all the

many miniature species and varieties, if not of all narcissi, great and small. A native of the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, *Narcissus watieri* is relatively a newcomer to English gardens, having been first introduced in 1931. In effect it is like a tiny Poet or Pheasant's Eye narcissus, growing only 4 ins. high, with snow-white blossoms an inch across. The central "corona" of the flower is about half an inch across, and instead of being cup-shaped, as in some of the "Poet" forms, is almost flat and beautifully crenated at the edge. The flowers are fragrant.

How strangely misleading exact measurements of flowers can be. But how wildly inaccurate measurements, guessed from memory, or by eye, almost always are. The measurements of *Narcissus watieri*

IN FLOWER NOW.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

well-proportioned, of a strong reddish-violet colour, with a distinct band of white round its middle, feather-edging above and below into the violet. From a single bulb which I bought in flower, in a small pot, in a reckless moment and for a great price, years ago, I had accumulated a colony of a dozen or so which flowered well last year. This spring all are gone, except one rather feeble tuft of crocus leaves which may or may not be a solitary survivor. What malefactor can have done this thing? Not mice, I feel sure, for the great stone coffin stands, raised a few inches from the ground, in the manner of a corn rick, built upon its stone rick-straddles, secure against invasion by rats. It must, I think, have been some abomination that creepeth in the night watches; something squashy, with six legs.

Yet less than a foot away *Crocus minimus* and *Crocus vernus* remained to flower beautifully, quite unharmed—so far. These two pigmy crocuses seem to me to be perfectly adapted for growing in the sink or stone trough rock-garden. *Crocus minimus*, from Corsica, is an exquisite little thing, the outer three of whose pale violet segments are handsomely feathered with deep purplish violet.

Crocus vernus is the tiny species varying from violet to pure white which is often to be found flowering by the million side by side with the soldanellas on the fringes of melting snow patches in the high Alps in June. I have brought home bulbs of this lovely little thing time after time, but never seem to have had any success in establishing it permanently in my garden. Nor can I remember ever having seen it flowering in the gardens of any of my Alpine-minded friends. The ones still living and flowering in my coffin garden are therefore by way of being a small triumph,

for I collected the bulbs about six years ago. Although in collecting I chose both white and violet forms, those which remain with me to-day are all whites.

One of my favourite daffodils is the wild Pyrenean species, *Narcissus pallidus præcox*, a few bulbs of which I collected many years ago in the neighbourhood of Luchon. It is, as its name suggests, an early-flowering species and, as its name further suggests,

its flowers are pale. They are medium-sized trumpet flowers of a clear, soft sulphur-yellow, and my little colony is growing and flowering amid a patch of *Anemone apennina*.

The soft, clear lavender-blue of the anemone makes a perfect foil for the sulphur daffodil. *Anemone apennina* is very well worth planting, being hardy and easy to grow in sun or shade. It increases well, and having flowered it retires early to rest, and is no more seen until it pushes up again next spring to flower more widely and profusely than ever. The root is a thick brown rhizome. I have seen white varieties, and so-called pink forms of *apennina*, but the pinks were always rather apologetic pinkish-mauves and neither they nor the whites made the slightest appeal to me. But a double-flowered blue *A. apennina* which the late Ernest Ballard gave to me in pre-war days was a delightful thing, which lasted in flower a good deal longer than the normal single.



"SURELY ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL THE MANY MINIATURE SPECIES AND VARIETIES" OF NARCISSUS: *NARCISSUS WATIERI*, A NATIVE OF THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS OF MOROCCO.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

which I have given were carefully taken from a flower which I gathered and brought in as a guide. At a guess I would have said that the whole flower was no more than half an inch across. What matter? The important thing is that the flower lying before me is small, fairylike, exquisitely proportioned and of a particularly attractive quality of dead-white.

My bulbs of *Narcissus watieri* came to me last autumn, a most generous sending direct from their native Atlas Mountains, and I planted them, temporarily, at any rate, in a large pan in my unheated greenhouse, with an overflow meeting in a 9-in. pot. Later I shall find them homes in the open air. Some of the bulbs I shall risk in open spaces in the miniature rock-garden in my great Saxon stone coffin, in spite of the loss there of two small colonies of greatly-valued bulbs which had seemed well established and flowered well last year. There was a small patch of the smallest of all daffodils, *Narcissus minimus*, a perfect yellow trumpet daffodil, no more than a couple of inches high. Not a sign of it this year.

The other treasure was the rare *Crocus sieberi*, variety *versicolor*. This I seem to remember describing on this page about a year ago. It is a most striking crocus, neat, smallish and



LOOKING "MUCH MORE LIKE A LOW-GROWING BUTTERCUP THAN AN ANEMONE, WITH RATHER SOFT, FURRY LEAVES AND LAVENDER-BLUE FLOWERS": *ANEMONE OBTUSILOBA PATULA*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT FINDS "STRANGELY, PERVERSELY ATTRACTIVE."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

It became well-established in my garden, but eventually, to my great regret, I lost it through carelessness—or perhaps I might say through the intervention of other preoccupations. It became a war casualty. A neighbouring shrub spread out over my *apennina* patch and smothered it out of existence before I realised what devilment was afoot. I think this double-flowered *Anemone apennina* must be a

somewhat rare plant, for I have never seen it in any garden other than mine and Ernest Ballard's, and he unfortunately lost his at about the same time that I lost mine. There is a good photograph of it in "My Garden in Spring," by E. A. Bowles. However, these good things, in addition to a habit of getting lost, have an equally fortunate way of turning up again, so that I fully expect to meet my lost friend again one of these days.

A curious, interesting and rather attractive anemone is flowering just now in my son's Alpine house. This is *Anemone obtusiloba patula*. It looks much more like a low-growing buttercup than an anemone, with rather soft, furry leaves and lavender-blue flowers. There is something strangely, perversely attractive about a blue buttercup, even if it isn't a buttercup!



A DRIFT OF *ANEMONE APENNINA*, WHOSE SOFT, CLEAR LAVENDER-BLUE MAKES IT A PERFECT FOIL FOR SULPHUR-COLOURED DAFFODILS. IT IS HARDY, EASY TO GROW IN SUN OR SHADE, AND INCREASES WELL.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



LIFE IN IRON AGE DENMARK: BRINGING OUT THE CATTLE FROM A RECONSTRUCTED IRON AGE HOUSE OF TIMBER COVERED WITH TURF, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN.



"AN IRON AGE DANE AND HIS WIFE" MILKING A COW INSIDE THE RECONSTRUCTED HOUSE, WHICH IS SHARED AT NIGHT BY BOTH THE FAMILY AND THEIR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.



"AN IRON AGE DANISH GIRL" WORKING AT THE STANDING LOOM RECONSTRUCTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH 2000-YEAR-OLD EXAMPLES. NOTICE THE STONE LOOM WEIGHTS AT THE BOTTOM.



PLOUGHING WITH A PAIR OF COWS AND A WOODEN IRON AGE PLOUGH IN A CLEARING MADE NEAR THE RECONSTRUCTED HOUSE, THE MAN AND WOMAN WEARING CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.



CHILDREN—WHO WILL BE ENVIED BY MANY—ENACTING THE PART OF THEIR FOREFATHERS OF 2000 YEARS AGO, AT THE HEARTH INSIDE THE HOUSE.



WHETHER THE CHILDREN ENJOYED IRON AGE MEALS IS NOT SO CERTAIN. HERE THEIR MOTHER IS GRINDING GRAIN IN A STONE SADDLE-QUIN. LEFT, A STORAGE VESSEL.

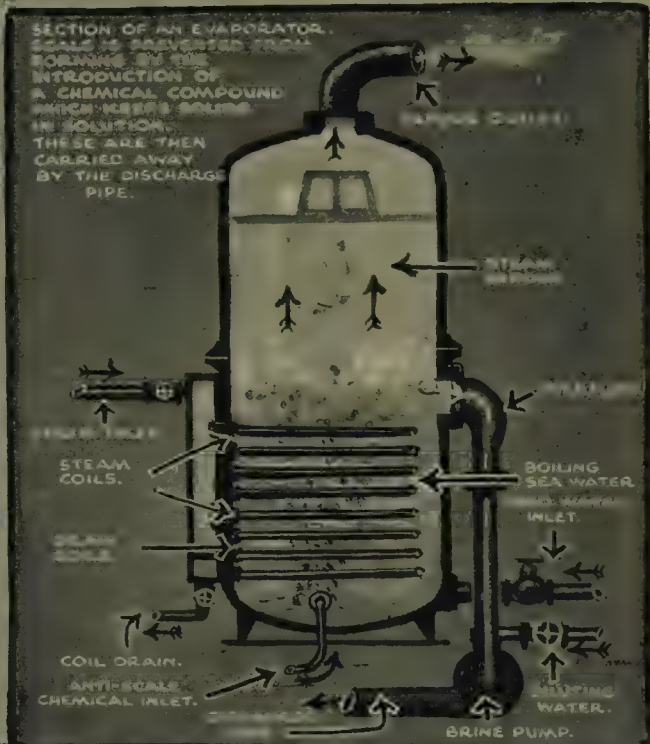
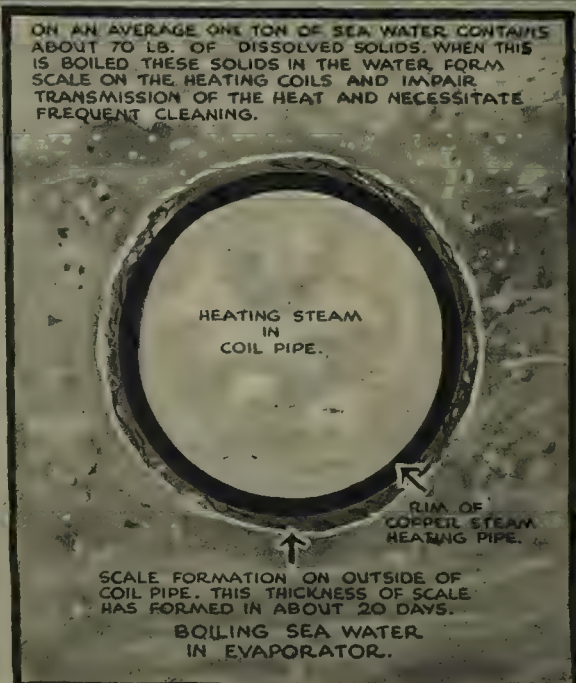
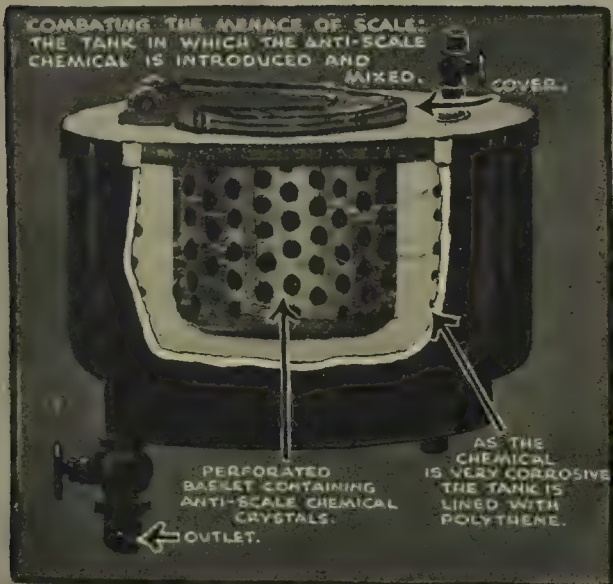
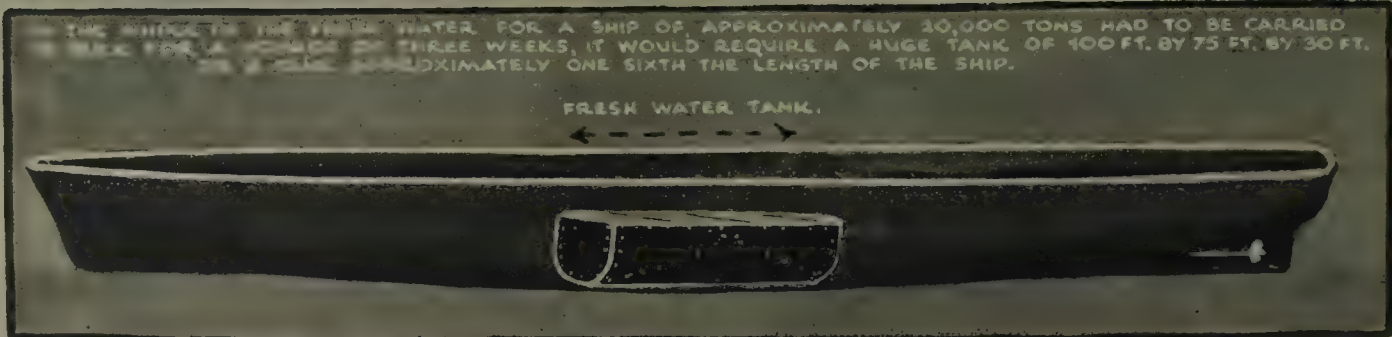
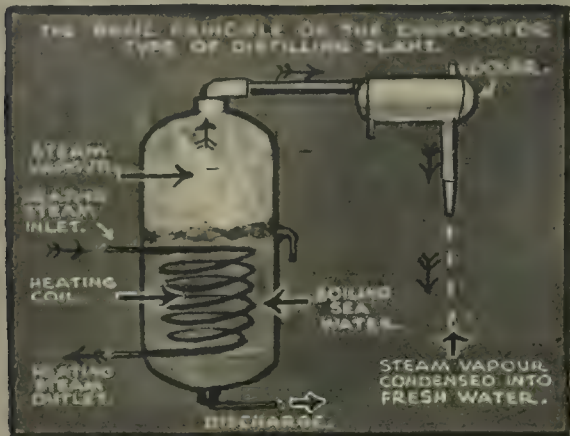
RE-LIVING THE LIFE OF THE IRON AGE DENMARK OF 2000 YEARS AGO: A VIVID AND AUTHENTIC DEMONSTRATION.

In 1952, the Danish archæologist Harald Andersen found in Denmark the remains of an Iron Age house, dating from about 2000 years ago. With the assistance of colleagues from the National Museum at Copenhagen, he has rebuilt that structure as far as possible to reproduce exactly its original appearance, using the methods and materials which would have been employed by the builders of 2000 years ago. Our photographs of this site were taken during an extremely interesting demonstration by enthusiasts of the National Museum of how life

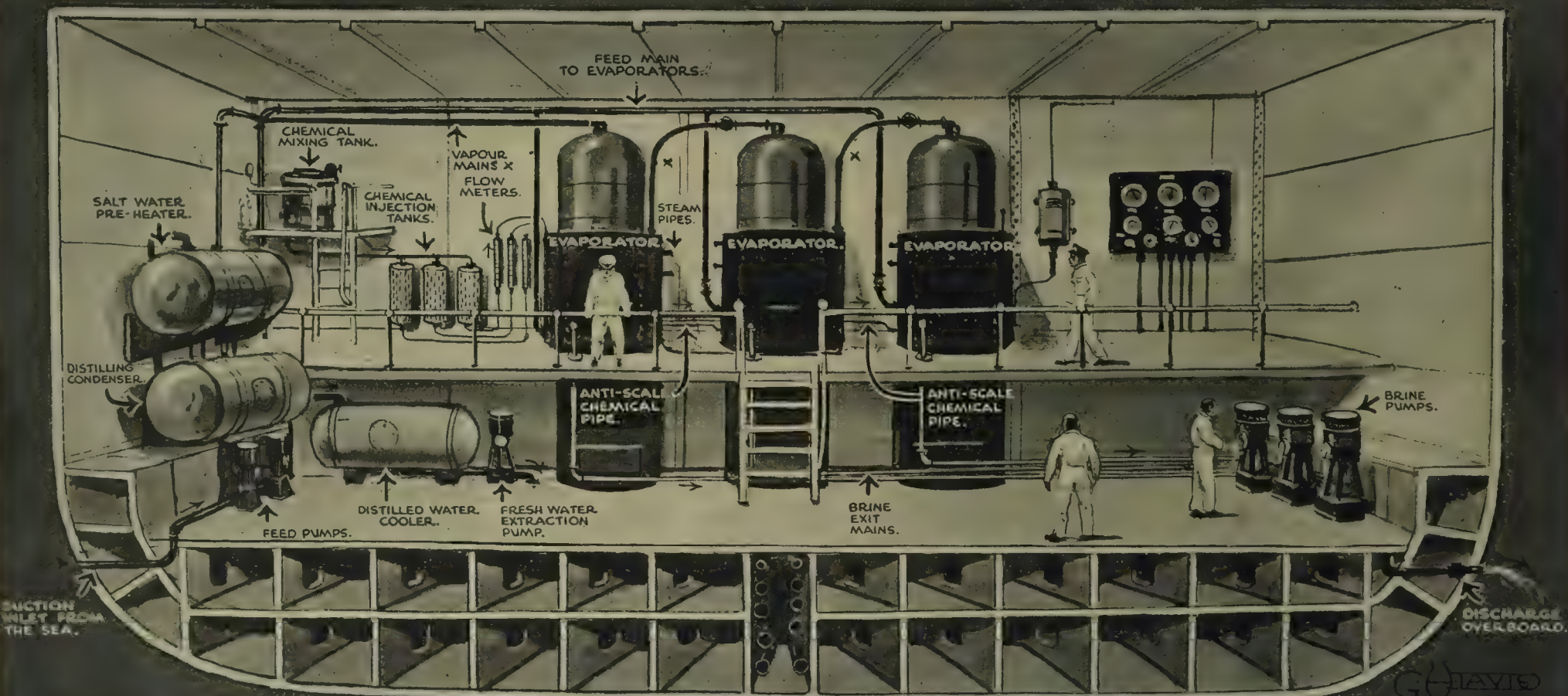
would have been lived in that Iron Age house. As our photographs show, the demonstration was staged with great accuracy and enthusiasm by an expert, perhaps the two cows, who seem far from gratified at being yoked to a wooden plough. Such reconstructions and demonstrations of great antiquity are rather a speciality of the Danes. Not far from Copenhagen they have reconstructed a great Viking barrack at the ancient fortress of Trelleborg, and a few years ago they made a film vividly reconstructing life in Bronze Age Denmark.

IN NAVAL VESSELS DISTILLING PLANTS ARE ALL IMPORTANT AS THE STORAGE OF FRESH WATER IN LARGE TANKS WOULD TAKE UP VALUABLE SPACE AND IMPAIR THE FIGHTING EFFICIENCY OF THE SHIP. FOR INSTANCE, A BATTLESHIP REQUIRES 300 TONS OF FRESH WATER DAILY FOR THE NEEDS OF THE CREW.

THE NEW 20,000 TON LINER, "SOUTHERN CROSS" IS PROVIDED WITH THE LATEST TYPE OF DISTILLING PLANT CAPABLE OF SUPPLYING THE SHIP WITH 300 TONS OF FRESH WATER DAILY FOR USE OF THE PASSENGERS, CREW, BOILERS, AND FOR FILLING THE FUEL TANKS AS FUEL IS CONSUMED.



A MODERN TYPE OF SEA WATER DISTILLING PLANT IN A SHIP.



OBTAINING FRESH WATER FROM THE SEA: NEW WAYS OF DEFEATING SCALING AND ADDING TO THE EFFICIENCY OF DISTILLING PLANTS.

Evaporating and distilling plants for producing fresh water from the sea have long been a feature of our fighting ships, but until comparatively recently merchant vessels carried large fresh-water tanks, replenished at ports of call. In many new vessels, however, distilling plants have been installed, enabling them to make their own fresh water, thus saving space previously devoted to carrying a large water store. The method of distillation, broadly explained, is to use evaporators in which steam bled from the turbines heats coils immersed in sea water. The sea water is thus boiled, cooled, and the vapour condensed into fresh water. But for every ton of sea water there are about 70 lb. of dissolved solids (salts, etc.),

and when the water is boiled these solids form scale on the outside of the heating coils, becoming, as our drawing shows, actually thicker than the copper piping to which it adheres after twenty days' working, impairing the efficiency of the plant. Ways have now been found to counteract scaling—by chemical action. In the Weir system, ferric-chloride crystals are added to the sea water, with good results. The new and revolutionary Shaw Savill liner, *Southern Cross*, has a plant capable of producing 300 tons of fresh water daily. To-day, distilling plants in a simplified form can be used even in ships' boats and life rafts, while the modern plants in big ships supply water as fresh and pure as any obtainable ashore.



BENDING THEIR BACKS TO THE PLOUGH: BOYS TAKING PART IN AN ANNUAL MATCH WITH MINIATURE PLOUGHS AT KIRKHOUSE SANDS, SOUTH RONALDSAY.



THE SUMMING-UP: THE JUDGES CASTING CRITICAL EYES OVER THE FURROWS CUT BY THE CHILDREN IN THE PLOUGHING CONTEST ON THE SANDY BEACH.



IN THE VILLAGE HALL OF ST. MARGARET'S HOPE: YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HAVE ENTERED THE COMPETITION AS "HORSES" AND ARE DRESSED ACCORDINGLY.

An old annual custom which is still observed in the Orkney Islands takes place during the Easter holidays in South Ronaldsay, when a boys' ploughing match is held. The match is held in two sections, first the younger boys and girls enter a competition dressed as "horses," wearing polished and elaborately-decorated collars, harness and blinkers. After the judging of the "horses" in the village hall at St. Margaret's Hope, the ploughing match is held at Kirkhouse Sands. Before taking part in the ploughing match the boys must have done "time" as a "horse." Two classes compete in the ploughing match, the "ordinary" class,

BOYS AS SKILLED "PLOUGHMEN" AND CHILDREN DRESSED AS "HORSES": AN OLD ORKNEY CONTEST.



A CONTEST WHICH CALLS FOR A HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL: THE MINIATURE PLOUGHING MATCH HELD ANNUALLY AT SOUTH RONALDSAY, IN THE ORKNEYS.



AWAITING THE JUDGES' VERDICT: FINALISTS IN THE "HORSES" COMPETITION, IN WHICH THE CHILDREN RECEIVE MARKS FOR DECORATIONS, GROOMING AND HARNESS.

children under fourteen years of age, and the "champions," who are medallists of previous years but are still under fourteen. The sandy beach is marked off in "flats" or sections, according to the number of entrants, and amid great excitement and with a time-limit, the ploughmen push the miniature ploughs in a contest which calls for a high degree of skill. Later, after the presentation of prizes in the village hall, the children are entertained at a big party, which marks the end of one of the most eagerly-awaited days of the year. The "champion ploughmen" in particular, go happily to bed, for success in this annual match is highly coveted.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON either side of our front gate is a well-grown ornamental plum-tree, each 15 ft. high, with a 12-ft. spread. In the spring of the two previous years, the two trees have been covered with a mass of pinkish-white blossom, although often visited by bullfinches. Last autumn I added a pair of aviary-bred bullfinches to our aviary standing nearest these ornamental trees. There was in this a purpose over and above the mere acquisition of a pair of delightful birds. I have been forced to take an interest, during the last few years, in what I will call the bullfinch problem. It began with a letter from a reader telling how, when she was a girl, the bullfinches were visiting the gooseberry bushes in the garden. Then, one day, her father took the

A BAD NAME IS BULLFINCH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Spring came. One or two blossoms opened. A few more opened the next day. But at the end of a week, in place of the mass of blossom of previous years, there were a few score of blooms widely scattered, like stars in an evening sky.

My friends who knew I was carrying out this test had warned me that I should have little blossom this year. Their worst fears appeared to be realised and I was beginning to feel depressed that the case against the bullfinch was being substantiated. Then it

the Game Ranger's report :— 'A cassava patch about ten yards square appeared to have been half-destroyed. On closer examination of the damage it appeared that the elephants concerned were highly sophisticated, as jembsies had been used to dig up the plants, and pangas to cut off the stalks.' The report continues in similar vein. It is a new, and perhaps extreme, example of the ease with which a dog, or an elephant, or anything else, will be condemned once it has been given a bad name.

Nobody could suggest that the fruit-growers in this country are guilty of a malicious campaign against a bird as beautiful as a bullfinch. In fact, we may be fairly sure that the majority shoot it reluctantly. The question is whether their action is misguided. Many informed people, as I have said, think it is. Certainly the case against the bird is not proven.

I have fruiting as well as ornamental plum-trees in my garden, and the bullfinches visit those, too. But these visits cease before the trees flower. Then what happens is this: many flower-buds open; not all are pollinated; of those that set, quite a number fall soon after the setting; later in the season many of the half-grown fruits fall; even then, in a good year, there is still plenty of fruit for our use, and that after the starlings, blackbirds, wasps and the rest have spoilt a fair proportion of the ripe plums. Could it be that the bullfinches actually prune the trees of some of the superfluous buds, giving those remaining a better chance of reaching full fruition? Is this the reason for the bumper crops I have alluded to? Could it be, in fact, that when bullfinches prune the trees in this way there are fewer blossoms but a high percentage of set fruit and a smaller proportion of immature fruits dropped? Could this give an impression of the crop having been devastated?

It seems to me that here is a problem worthy of precise scientific investigation, to bring an end to guesswork and opinion. The tests could be carried out at relatively little cost, although they would need to be sustained for a period of years, say, five, to allow for a sequence of good and bad years. Is it worth doing? First, it is just possible (I would say highly probable, but that is merely my opinion) that the bullfinch would be more than exonerated. Secondly, the fruit-growers themselves would have their doubts set at rest, and, assuming the tests showed the results I would anticipate, they would be saved the cost of employing labour purely to shoot the birds. Thirdly, the results of impartial investigation (whatever form they took) would put the minds of large numbers of interested people at rest. As it is, a wide public is shocked when they read that as many as 400 bullfinches are shot annually on a single fruit farm. And



"ONE OF OUR MOST HANDSOME AND SWEET-SINGING BIRDS": THE BULLFINCH, WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE FIERCE CONTROVERSY DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE.

children into the garden, pointed to the bullfinches eating the buds and asked which they preferred, birds or fruit. He could shoot the birds, he explained to them, or they could go without gooseberries. They voted to keep the birds. That year they had a bumper crop of gooseberries.

The suggestion that when bullfinches take the buds from fruit trees the crop is actually improved is contrary to accepted opinion, at least among fruit-growers. It seemed worth while, therefore, to look further into the matter. From several other quarters I gathered similar stories to that quoted above, but taking the evidence as a whole it would seem that opinion is very much divided on this point. Yet, if we listen to informed opinion, other than that of the fruit-growers themselves, it seems that the most severe accusations made against the bullfinch is that in isolated orchards, in a bad fruit year, there may be no crop at all. There is, also, a subsidiary, that certain ornamental shrubs will suffer severely when bullfinches are in the neighbourhood. That must affect relatively few people, however, and it does not affect the livelihood of even those few; so perhaps we may be forgiven for leaving this out of our present consideration.

If a person's livelihood is threatened, then we have no right to object if he defends it, even if this means shooting numbers of one of our most handsome and sweet-singing birds. But the question is: does the bullfinch threaten anyone's livelihood? One of our leading naturalists is fond of saying that fruit-growers rarely go bankrupt. However, in all this controversy we really have no evidence to go upon, only opinions and hearsay, and those who study the biological literature of to-day know only too well that opinions and hearsay have many times been proved by exact scientific investigation to have been grossly misleading. So far as I know, there has never been any attempt to assess by precise investigation how much damage the bullfinches do.

If I may now return to my ornamental trees, this is the story I have to tell. The bullfinches in the aviary attracted more wild bullfinches into the garden than were there in previous years. This is what I had hoped. Throughout the late autumn and the winter, the wild bullfinches spent most of their time on my ornamental plum-trees. It was practically impossible to look out at these trees at any time of day without seeing at least one pair in the trees pecking at the buds. This was what I wanted: to give the trees the severest test possible. As winter drew to an end the wild bullfinches left us, and I waited for the blossom.

occurred to me to look at other trees of this same variety in the neighbourhood. They all had little blossom, too: relatively less than had my trees. If bullfinches were the cause, then our locality must be infested with them. This, I know, is not so. Moreover, trees of this same variety in other places in the South of England, including some of London's suburbs, where bullfinches are rare, if not absent, were faring no better. In fact, my trees, although isolated and in a bad year for this particular *Prunus* blossom, and in spite of the apparent punishment by finches, are



BEAUTIFUL BIRDS WITH BAD REPUTATIONS: A PAIR OF BULLFINCHES AT THE NEST. DR. BURTON DESCRIBES AN EXPERIMENT WHICH HE CARRIED OUT DURING HIS RESEARCH INTO THE BULLFINCH PROBLEM; A PROBLEM WHICH HE THINKS IS "WORTHY OF PRECISE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION, TO BRING AN END TO GUESSWORK AND OPINION."

Photographs by Eric Hosking.

faring as well as any I have seen, and better than most.

In the Annual Report of the Game and Fisheries Department of the Uganda Protectorate, for the year 1953, is the following: "The amount of genuine damage caused by elephants has again been comparatively small, but as in previous years the same cannot be said of the number of complaints . . . the Game Ranger concerned investigated himself after having received reports of shambas being devastated by elephant . . . and the following is an extract from

those who live in the immediate neighbourhood of such farms report a high proportion of maimed birds of many species besides bullfinches.

I am well aware that this is a highly controversial subject and that in any discussion of it there will be those who will argue for one side or the other with heat. That alone makes the need to assess the truth. In these days, one of our main aims should be to guard natural assets, but to do so with the minimum destruction of our dwindling wild life.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARRIVING FOR TALKS ON THE NEWSPAPER DISPUTE: MR. LAURENCE CADBURY (LEFT) AND LORD ROTHERMERE.
Following the publishing of the report of the Court of Inquiry into the newspaper dispute on April 13, union representatives and members of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association met for talks at the Ministry of Labour. The N.P.A. chairman, Lord Rothermere, was accompanied by Mr. Laurence Cadbury, of the *News Chronicle*. The strike, which began on March 25, came to an end on April 21.



STEPPING INTO A HELICOPTER OF HIS OWN DESIGN AT LONDON'S HELIPORT: DR. SIKORSKY.

Dr. Igor Sikorsky, Engineering Manager, Sikorsky Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn., arrived in London on April 23 to receive the 1955 James Watt International Medal awarded by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and deliver the James Clayton Lecture on April 29. On April 23 he piloted a helicopter to Yeovil to visit the Westland Aircraft Co.



FINALISTS IN THE AMATEUR RACKETS SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. J. R. THOMPSON (LEFT) AND MR. D. S. MILFORD.
The Amateur Rackets singles championship was won at Queen's Club on April 23, for the second year running, by J. R. Thompson, after a gruelling battle with the other finalist, forty-nine-year-old D. S. Milford. The score, 15-12, 15-3, 8-15, 6-15, 18-15, gives some indication of one of the most thrilling finals in rackets history. Both men are masters at Marlborough, and winners of the doubles title.



A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES: SIR G. HAYMAN.

The Federation of British Industries elected as their new President Sir Graham Hayman on April 20. He is sixty-one years of age. Chairman of the Management Committee of the Distillers' Company, he is especially connected with the chemical and plastics aspects of the industry. He succeeds Sir Harry Pilkington.



APPOINTED A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: THE EARL OF IVEAGH.

It was announced on April 22 that the Queen had appointed Lord Iveagh a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. He will be invested with the insignia at Windsor Castle on June 13. The head of a famous brewing firm, Lord Iveagh was a keen oarsman and won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1895. He is eighty-one.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO RETIRE: DR. J. W. C. WAND.

Writing in the London diocesan magazine, *London Churchman*, published on April 23, the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, announced that he had requested and been granted leave to retire. Dr. Wand, who is seventy, was enthroned as Bishop of London in October 1945 in succession to Dr. Fisher, now Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE FIRST CAMBODIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: MR. AU CHHEUN.

Mr. Au Chheun, the first Cambodian Ambassador ever to be appointed to the Court of St. James, arrived in London on April 19. Cambodia is now an independent kingdom within the French Union. The Ambassador was formerly Vice-President of the Cambodian Council of Ministers, and president at the Tri-partite Conference in Paris.



THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD ASSUMES OFFICE: ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA.

Admiral Mountbatten officially took up his appointment as First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff on April 19. For the past month he has been touring the Admiralty and Admiralty departments outside London and meeting naval officials. Admiral Mountbatten is fifty-four; his father, the first Marquess of Milford Haven, also served as First Sea Lord. He succeeds Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor.

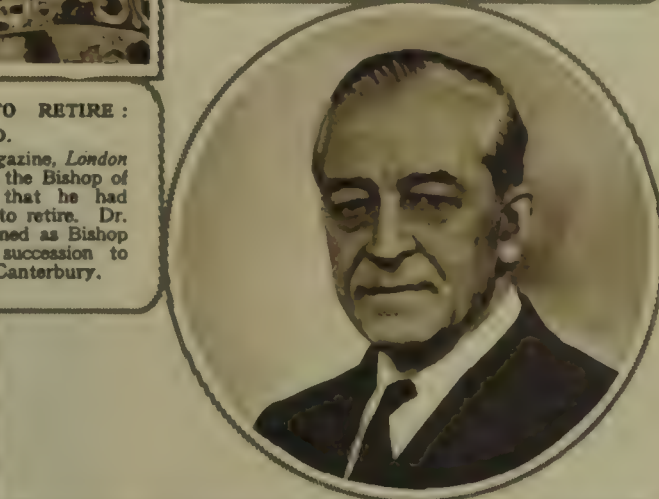


THE FIRST WOMEN'S HIMALAYAN TEAM: (L. TO R.) MISS R. E. STARK, DR. E. CAMRASS AND MRS. H. M. JACKSON.
The first all-feminine mountaineering expedition to the Himalayas consists of three members of the Scottish Ladies' Climbing Club—Mrs. H. Monica Jackson (leader), Miss R. E. Stark, a Glasgow speech therapist, and Dr. Evelyn Camrass, a medical practitioner. They left Katmandhu on April 13 to explore and climb the Jugal Himal range. A Nepali youth, Murari Bahadur, is acting as liaison officer.



ARRIVING FOR THEIR ENGLISH TOUR: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS, LED BY MR. J. CHEETHAM (FRONT, RIGHT).

The South African cricketers landed at London Airport on April 24 to commence their English tour. It was the first time a South African touring team had travelled abroad by air. The party of sixteen is captained by J. G. Cheetham, who led the team which surprised the Australians by drawing the series in 1952-53. The South Africans open their first-class programme at Worcester on May 7.



APPOINTED ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE E. CREASY.

The Admiralty announced on April 21 that Admiral Sir George Creasy had been promoted Admiral of the Fleet. During the late war he commanded a destroyer flotilla, and then served at the Admiralty as Director of Anti-Submarine Warfare. Responsible for much of the planning for D-Day, he later took command of the Home Fleet, and has held senior N.A.T.O. commands. He is fifty-nine.



THE U.S. ATOMIC ENERGY CHIEF ARRIVES IN ENGLAND: ADMIRAL LEWIS L. STRAUSS, WITH MRS. STRAUSS.

Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, arrived in London on April 21 at the invitation of the Government. He is to have discussions with the chairman and members of the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority, particularly on the peaceful application of atomic energy; and is to visit a number of the Authority's installations.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ALL VERY PSYCHOLOGICAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.



IT was strange to listen to applause dwindling at the Aldwych Theatre on the first night of "The Bad Seed." The evening had begun, and seemed to continue, in the usual way: cheers for the set (this is so much a routine matter in these days that we hardly notice it), for the entrance of various leading artists, and for certain scenes, such as Miriam Karlin's first as a distraught mother. Then, as the play moved on, the house began perceptibly to chill. "Man, put thine old cloak about thee."



"AN ORDEAL OF SUSPENSE IN A SUBURBAN HOME IN THE AMERICAN CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS": "THE DESPERATE HOURS" (HIPPODROME), A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) ROBISH (GEORGE MARGO) AND RALPHIE HILLIARD (DAVID HANNAFORD). IN NEW YORK THIS PLAY IS A CURRENT BROADWAY SUCCESS.

A nip in the air during the second half of a poor play is nothing new. On so many nights one has observed the temperature falling; now and then, indeed, the mercury has all but dropped through the bottom of the thermometer. One has noticed the chill, too, at classical revivals, when a producer has experimented rashly or a performance has failed to rise. At "The Bad Seed" the reason was different. All the while, one knew the audience was stiffening not against the acting, or the author's technical accomplishment, but against the implications of the plot, its cruelty, its downright unpleasantness. At the end, applause was, as they say, "friendly"—no more—and, I think, intended wholly for the players. If Maxwell Anderson, the dramatist, and William March—the novelist from whose book the play was adapted—had been in the house, they would have felt the draught, and, as intelligent men, appreciated the reason.

Someone behind me, going out, expressed exactly (I feel) the thought in many minds: "I don't deny that it was powerful. But what about its morals?" Yes, what about them? One can acknowledge the cleverness of the play as a piece of well-made drama, but it is a frigid, an entirely repellent, cleverness. I wanted to know the end; when the end came, I wished I had not worried. We have been hearing a good deal about horror-comics. This is, in effect, an adult horror-comic, though the emphasis is all on the horror.

Let me explain. Here is a nine-year-old girl in an American house. When the curtain rises she seems to be the pattern child; everyone admires this demure creature in the flaxen pigtails, the red-and-white organdie frock. She has perfect manners. Somebody, later on, speaks of a "waxen rosebud." That, superficially, is little Rhoda; but there is a canker at the heart—or there would be if the child had any heart at all. We discover, very soon, that she is totally amoral—cruel and selfish, without a single quiver of pity or, apparently, hint of decent feeling. We have

had Awful Children enough on the stage—far too many of them—but I do not remember one so utterly grim.

That is the terror of the play, the cold hopelessness of it all. I have not read William March's no doubt highly literate novel. In Maxwell Anderson's thoroughly literate play there is not a shadow of a suggestion that the child could ever be reclaimed. She is not a creation of cheerfully macabre fantasy, tongue-in-cheek. She is presented, in all her inhumanity, as a possible human being, and that is intolerable.

Her crimes are not the simple childish escapades. When she covets a "penmanship medal" that another boy has won, she pushes him into the water at a picnic and knocks his hands away when he tries to scramble out. The boy is drowned. As the play develops we discover that, not long before, Rhoda—for the sake of some trinket or other—had pushed an elderly woman down a spiral staircase. Soon she commits her third murder; simply by setting fire—off-stage, I need hardly add—to a pile of shavings on which a more-or-less idiot boy (another of my dislikes in the theatre) is accustomed to sleep in the garage. He is burned to death.

The audience made no audible protest. The temperature merely dropped. I imagine that few people, however horrified they were, would deny that, in the theatre, the piece kept them watching it as if fascinated by a snake. Rhoda, we discover, must be what she is because she is the "bad seed." Her mother—who had never realised it—was the child of a murderess called "the destroying angel." Rhoda has inherited the taint; she is the devil with the angel's face (if not the angel's eyes). The mother, overcome, can think of no way out but to kill the girl and to commit suicide herself. We see her as she plies Rhoda with an overdose of sleeping-tablets. Later we hear a shot from off-stage. The play has not ended: but though I cannot, with conscience, say what happens, I can assure you that the last scene does not raise the spirits. It rams them down still further.

Throughout the play there is no suggestion that anything can be done, that any remedial treatment is possible. Apparently Rhoda is tainted and Rhoda is doomed, and therefore we can do nothing but watch her grim little pranks and shudder. I suppose one could call this "a psychological thriller." Believe me, it is a singularly morbid invention. Leading New York

critics, I gather, have applauded the play for its "reticence and dexterity" and as "an ingenious piece of showmanship." Reticent showmanship? Hot ice and wondrous strange snow. There are many houses in Theatre Street, as Ivor Brown has reminded us, and we may be thankful that a door rarely opens on this distressing form of entertainment.

The acting sustains the piece. At the same time, it intensifies the horror. Bad playing would have taken off the edge; we might have called the night tasteless and dismissed it. But when the play is acted well, as at the Aldwych, we want to scream: the suspense is as agreeable as the Chinese torture of a thousand cuts. Carol Wolveridge has a good child player's uncanny truth; Rhoda is evil unmitigated, and the young actress softens nothing. Diana Wynyard, as her mother, can act with her eyes—something so often forgotten—and she can listen: two gifts that heighten the power of her performance. I thought Miriam Karlin was accurate in her first scene as a woman driven by



"THE ACTING SUSTAINS THE PIECE. AT THE SAME TIME IT INTENSIFIES THE HORROR": "THE BAD SEED" (ALDWYCH), A SCENE FROM MAXWELL ANDERSON'S PLAY, ADAPTED FROM WILLIAM MARCH'S NOVEL, WITH (L. TO R.) CHRISTINE PENMARK (DIANA WYNARD) AND RHODA PENMARK (CAROL WOLVERIDGE).



"THIS IS, IN EFFECT, AN ADULT HORROR-COMIC, THOUGH THE EMPHASIS IS ALL ON THE HORROR": "THE BAD SEED," A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WHICH IS DIRECTED BY FRITH BANBURY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) LEROY (BERNARD BRESSLAW), MONICA BREEDLOVE (MARGALO GILLMORE) AND RHODA PENMARK (CAROL WOLVERIDGE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BAD SEED" (Aldwych).—Maxwell Anderson has adapted this play—crafty enough as a piece of workmanship—from an American novel by William March. It is an unpleasant night in the theatre; but playgoers anxious to watch the triumphs of a child murderess, a nine-year-old girl, "void and empty from any dram of mercy" (as a better playwright has it), will realise that this is their cup of hemlock. It would be wrong to deny the cruel, the wholly repellent, power of the business and the force with which Carol Wolveridge (child) and Diana Wynyard (mother) sustain it. If they acted badly, we should suffer less! I hope nobody will submit that this is an important psychological drama; it is a cold shocker, and not the kind of thing we want on the stage. (April 14.)

"THE DESPERATE HOURS" (Hippodrome).—Another play from a novel: Joseph Hayes has dramatised his own book. It shows what happens (in an American city) when three escaped convicts requisition a suburban house and terrorise the family. Will the avenging police come first, or the convicts' escape money? It makes a frenzied evening, though (in our hearts) we know very well that law-and-order must triumph. The dialogue is usually feeble; the plot carries it, the acting (observe Richard Carlyle as the neurotic gang-leader) is suitably tough, and a multiple set is worth the price of admission. (April 19.)

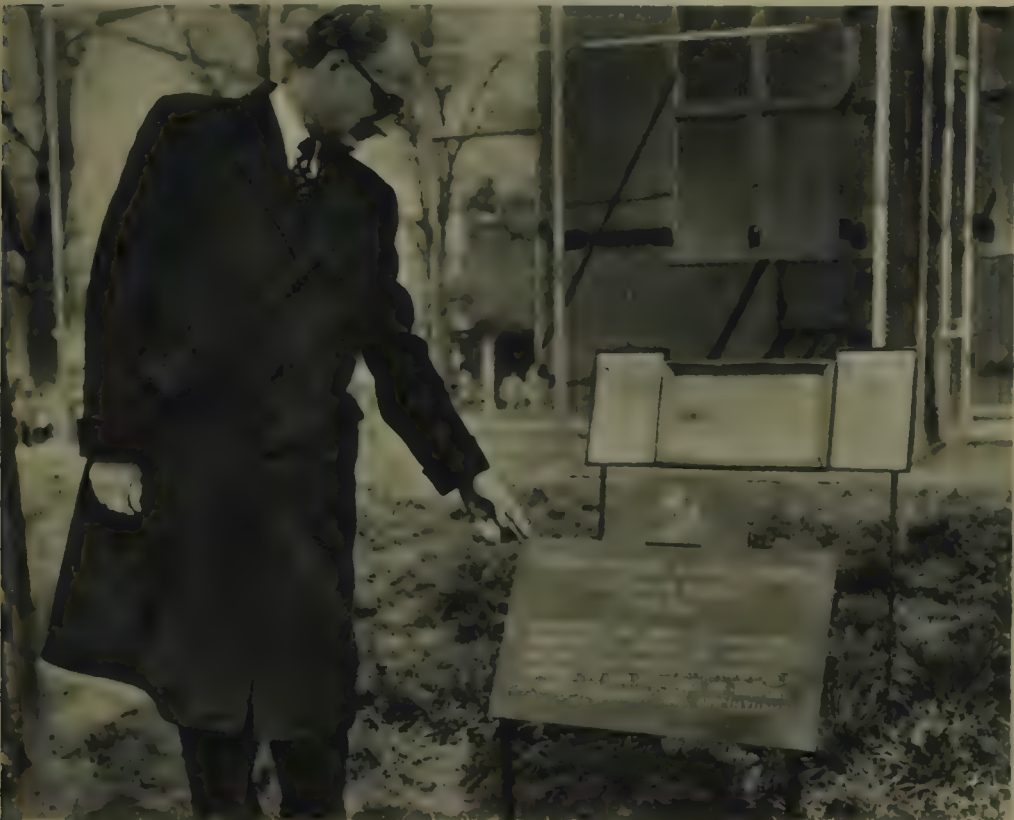
grief to drink and near-dementia: the audience thought so, too. It was a pity that the writing (no fault of the actress) obliged her second scene to be more-or-less repetitive, but by then we were in cold despair. Nothing will persuade me that the cast has not lavished its talent upon a piece that, for all its craft, is unworthy of the theatre.

Another American "psychological thriller," a play called "The Desperate Hours" (Hippodrome), is much less worrying. This will probably be a useful film; on the stage it is an ordeal of suspense in a suburban home in the American city of Indianapolis. There three gaol-breaking convicts seize the house; its family—at the pistol-point—is warned to go about its business as if nothing had happened. The action takes place in a multiple set; the entire Hilliard house lies open to our eyes like a doll's house with the front off. There is also a convenient police-station in a corner of the stage. How long must the family wait before the police relieve it?

True, the dialogue is a compound of threats, gangster-slang, and flat utility stuff, but the action does hold us, and the cast—led by Diana Churchill, Richard Carlyle and Bernard Lee—acts with enough spirit to carry the affair off and to communicate its excitement. No psychology to speak of—and no Rhoda. Our congratulations to the author, Joseph Hayes. What a wonderful, an unimaginable relief!



SAILING FOR THE FAROE ISLANDS TO RESTORE ORDER AT KLAKSVIG: ARMED DANISH POLICE BOARDING THE S.S. PARKSTON AT ESBJERG ON APRIL 21.
On April 24 the Danish ship S.S. *Parkston* arrived at Thorshavn, in the Faroe Islands, with 130 fully-equipped policemen from Denmark, whose task was to overcome the resistance by the inhabitants of the town of Klaksvig to a change of the chief surgeon at the local hospital. Those in control at Klaksvig will not allow Dr. Halvorsen, who has been dismissed but refuses to leave, to be succeeded by another doctor. At the time of writing it is reported that the Council of Klaksvig are negotiating for a settlement of the dispute.



AFTER UNVEILING A MEMORIAL TO HIS FATHER, WHO WAS "A GREAT NATURALIST AND AVICULTURIST": THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AT THE LONDON ZOO.
On April 18 the 13th Duke of Bedford opened a new homing budgerigars' aviary at the London Zoo and unveiled a bronze plaque which reads: "Hastings William Sackville Russell. 12th Duke of Bedford. 1888-1953. Aviculturists all over the world have subscribed to present this aviary to the Zoological Society of London as a memorial to the 12th Duke of Bedford, a great naturalist and aviculturist." Members of the Duke of Bedford's family attended the ceremony, as well as Zoo and other officials.



AT THE OPENING OF AN EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR (LEFT) AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE R.I.B.A.
On April 20 the Mexican Ambassador, Señor Francisco de Icaza, opened an exhibition of photographs of Mexican architecture at the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place, London. Our photograph shows him with the President of the R.I.B.A., Mr. C. H. Aslin. After the exhibition closes on May 2 it will be shown for ten days at the Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: SOME RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



CARRIED BY RELAYS OF RUNNERS OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE TO LONDON AIRPORT: THE ARRIVAL OF A MESSAGE OF GOODWILL WHICH WAS FLOWN TO JAMAICA.
A ceremony at the London H.Q. of the Boys' Brigade on April 18 started on a nineteen-day journey a message from the Brigade president, Lord MacLay, to the people of Jamaica, in connection with the island's tercentenary celebrations. The message was carried by relays to London Airport and this photograph shows the scene as the last runners arrived at the Airport, from where it was flown to Jamaica. About 350 boys will carry it round the island before the final ceremony on May 7, when it will be received by Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Jamaica.



AT EASTNEY BARRACKS: THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE ROYAL MARINES (PORTSMOUTH DIV.) TROOP THEIR REGIMENTAL COLOUR.
Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, took the salute at the Royal Marine Barracks, Eastney, Portsmouth, at a St. George's Day parade on April 23, when the regimental colour was trooped to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Royal Marines.



DEPOSITING THEIR GOVERNMENTS' RATIFICATION OF TWO OF THE PARIS AGREEMENTS. THE U.S. HIGH COMMISSIONER IN GERMANY AND DR. ADENAUER (CENTRE, RIGHT).
At mid-day on April 29 Dr. Conant, the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, was at the Palais de la République, the Federal Chancellery in Bonn, to deposit his Government's instruments of ratification of two of the Paris agreements. He was promptly followed by Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, who was carrying out the same formality on behalf of the Federal Government. Our photograph shows, seated round the table to the left, Dr. Conant, Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Hans Berger, chief of the Legal Division of the West German Foreign Office.

THE MUSK OX
A DEFENSIVE PHALANK OF MUSK OXEN
PREPARING TO RESIST AN ATTACK MAKES A
LARGE TARGET FOR RIFLE-FIRE

MUSK OX TRAPPED ON
BREAKING SEA ICE

THE CARIBOU. WINTER FOOD IS LICHEN WHICH
IS EASILY DESTROYED BY OVER-GRAZING

NEAVE
PARKER

THE WOLF. WOLVES, WHICH PREY ON CARIBOU, KEEP
DOWN THE HERDS, SO PREVENTING OVER-GRAZING OF
THE LICHEN

THREATENED BY MAN'S INVASION OF THEIR TERRITORY: SOME NATIVE ANIMALS OF THE ARCTIC

The Arctic is being increasingly opened up by man, and with this comes a real threat to the native animals. Only international action can effectively reduce the threat, and in order that this may not be taken too late, the International Union for the Protection of Nature has set up a committee under Professor Spärck, of Denmark, to consider the steps that may be taken to this end. Life in the Arctic can be hard by the standards obtaining elsewhere. Even so, a large fauna has found subsistence there, and, until fairly modern times, refuge. Already, within the last few centuries, the hand of man has fallen heavily upon it. Some of the results include the complete extermination of Steller's sea-cow, the near-extinction of the Greenland right whale and the sea-otter, heavy inroads into the populations of some of the seals, and others less obvious or easy to catalogue. In some instances the damage caused has arisen primarily from the need of sea-going travellers for food. Steller's sea-cow

affords a case in point, although it is certain that even here the slaughter was often wanton and wasteful. The sea-otter and the seals, as well as the right whale, were desirable objects of commerce. Again, the history of the attacks on these species includes unnecessary waste. Nevertheless, it is possible, on the whole, to condone, at least partially, much that was done in former times since it arose from human need, even if greed and ignorance were often associated with it. It can be argued that human needs must be placed first and that conservation must take second place. On the other hand, the action taken over the Pribiloff seals has furnished a classic example of how human needs can be met while at the same time preserving the species. The decline of the sea-otter, also, has been reversed by wise administration. Measures of this kind depend, however, primarily upon sound biological knowledge, which often demands time for its accumulation and application. In the meantime, it is

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER

THE POLAR BEAR
HUNTED BY ESKIMOS, NOW USING
FIREARMS, ALSO BEING SHOT IN
INCREASING NUMBERS BY
'SPORTSMEN'

NORWEGIAN BEAR HUNTERS.
THE SHIP IS SPECIALLY EQUIPPED
FOR THE CAPTURE OF POLAR BEARS



THE ALASKAN BROWN BEAR
REDUCED IN NUMBERS BY
AMATEUR HUNSMEN

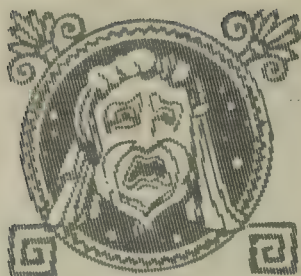
THE WALRUS. THE RIFLE TAKES A GREATER
TOLL THAN THE HARPOON.

WHICH MAY BE PROTECTED AS THE RESULT OF INTERNATIONAL CONCERN FOR THEIR FUTURE.

possible for the ignorant to do irreparable damage. More and more the Arctic is being invaded. Meteorological stations, airfields and defence bases are being established. This of itself is only a minor threat to wild life; the real trouble lies in the efficiency of modern firearms. So long as man hunted with spear and bow and arrow, pitting his skill, agility and wits against those of the beast, no great harm could result. The effects of the gun are, however, vastly different. The fate of the musk-oxen brings this into sharp relief. Against their natural enemy, the wolf, musk-oxen form a phalanx, with the calves secure within it. Facing outwards, the beasts present a formidable array of meat-hook horns to the wolves. Against the man with the gun, however, standing their ground in solid ranks invites disaster. Apart from this unnatural hazard, musk-oxen can be starved by heavy and prolonged snowfalls, or drowned by straying on to ice-flows. Again, man's interference may have unexpected

results from other causes. The persecution of the wolf allowed an increase in the numbers of the caribou upon which it preyed, leading to over-grazing of a sparse winter feed, destroying the essential lichen so that it could not recover. The real trouble is, however, firearms, which are so devastating in the hands of the thoughtless or the Eskimos, who can find in their use the easy way of obtaining a livelihood, and neither of whom takes account of the future effects of destroying unnecessarily the brown bear, polar bear, walrus and other easy targets. Many of the Eskimos now have outboard engines for their kayaks, and are thus able to increase the extent of their hunting-grounds. On these pages we reproduce a drawing by Our Special Artist, Neave Parker, showing some of the Arctic animals which may well become extinct unless international measures are taken for their preservation. It is good news, therefore, that Professor Spärck's committee is considering the status and preservation of these animals.

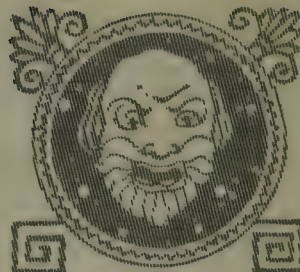
WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NATURE BEATS ARTIFICE.

By ALAN DENT.



THE latest "true-life adventure" organised by Mr. Disney happens entirely in the apparently limitless prairie-lands, whose ultimate limits are the Rocky Mountains to the west and the Mississippi River to the east. It is "The Vanishing Prairie." We see no glimpse of any human being—not even a hint of the eleven intrepid and patient photographers who made it over a period of three years, or of its ingenious director, James Algar.

We see nothing but a waving sea of grass and the wild life that inhabits it. Life for such lonely creatures would seem to be almost entirely a matter of sustenance and sex, in that order—of survival and renewal. Herds of buffalo—rapidly vanishing, like the prairie itself—roam wildly, and are seen stampeding during a thunderstorm, almost the only thing that can fill them with panic. A newly-born buffalo-calf is seen in close-up: it has the vague, wobbly charm of most of Nature's infants. The pups of a coyote, or wild dog, tumble around playfully. The parent leaves them in quest of food. She meets a rattlesnake and there is a fight to the death, the coyote winning in the end and tossing the snake twice in the air after it is dead, making doubly sure. Nothing so dramatic and perilous has met my eyes in a cinema since I last saw "The Living Desert" (which, incidentally, I saw three times over).

There have been other things in the past fortnight. There was a poorish piece called "Passage Home," which began with Peter Finch as a retiring sea-captain receiving a presentation and proceeding to narrate the circumstances of his very first voyage. This took us back to the year 1931, when it seems that the newly-made Captain Finch had to ship a cargo of pedigree bulls and an English governess (inconclusively played by Diane Cilento) all the way from South America to Southampton.

The governess kept on nearly meeting the fate that must continually threaten the solitary girl who gets aboard a lugger. Captain Finch takes despairingly to the bottle because she will have none of him. Of the three mates, Anthony Steel is the most persistent and the most nearly lucky, and when something like a hurricane strikes the vessel in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Biscay it is he who saves her from a fate as bad as being washed overboard. There is no clear reason stated or implied why this governess should leave her cabin at the height of the hurricane and wander the flooded decks wearing a skin-tight black evening dress, with nothing so practicable as a mackintosh over it to keep her warm and dry. But

steerage have stampeded, though it must be granted that their roaring is but a faint echo of Mr. Disney's herd of buffalo.

There was also a film called "Black Widow," a poorish transcription for the screen of Patrick Quentin's excellent thriller of the same title. Mr. Quentin made

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



A PRAIRIE-DOG IN A SCENE FROM WALT DISNEY'S "THE VANISHING PRAIRIE."

Mr. Alan Dent writes: "No disrespect is intended to the English actors in 'Passage Home,' the American ones in 'Black Widow,' or the Viennese opera-singers in 'Don Giovanni.' But the plain truth is that the behaviour of simple natural creatures like this prairie-dog—a beaver-like rodent in spite of its name—in 'The Vanishing Prairie' gave me far more pleasure and delight and suspense than did those actors in ill-directed films or those singers in a heavenly opera which triumphantly resists every effort to turn it into cinematic material."

it quite clear in his novel why his happily married theatre-manager should, in his wife's absence, give the liberty of his New York apartment to a young woman with ambitions to write and a much more pernicious

ambition to ruin him because he declined to make love to her. Mr. Quentin's novel, in short—unlike most thrillers of its class—had a good deal of careful and subtle character-drawing in it. But most of this care has gone by the board to provide an over-glossy film in which Van Heflin is an inexplicable theatre-manager who lets himself be all but ruined by an adventuress (who might conceivably have been made credible by such an actress as Anne Baxter). Things are further involved for the poor, silly theatre-manager by the presence in the apartment on the next floor of an utterly spoilt leading-lady to whom Ginger Rogers gives the decadent charm of an overblown orchid. But one way and another it is an overblown little film, and one quite unworthy of the novel from which it originated.

There has been, moreover, a screen-version of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" which, though conducted by the late Wilhelm Furtwangler and sung by some of the finest living Mozart-singers and played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, gives rather less pleasure than would a tin-pot touring opera-company with a band of ten in the middle of the Potteries. This elaborate fiasco was the work of Dr. Paul Czinner, and we read that "he studied and planned for many years with the aim of contriving a special technique whereby great opera performances could be brought to the screen and preserved for the audiences of tomorrow." Further, we read that "up to eight cameras at a time were used to get a continuous flow of movement and to eliminate any feeling of stage artificiality."

All that can be said is that the "stage artificiality" of this "Don Giovanni" is ten times more pronounced than it would be in any actual unscreened performance, and that the music—especially the singing—is almost distressingly over-amplified throughout.

It is a relief and a rest to turn back to the wild-life of that Vanishing Prairie, where we have no feeling whatever that eleven camera-men have been working continuously for our delight and distraction. A mountain-lion goes off in search of prey with which to feed its cubs. A newly-born fawn senses the lion's presence and, with a miraculous instinct, stays utterly still till the danger has passed. Prairie-dogs—which are not dogs at all but bob-tailed rodents—frolic delightfully. Antelopes run with a grace surpassing that even of Macdonald Bailey and Arthur Wint at the Olympic Games. Strange birds—crane, grouse, owls—show the infinite variety of ways in which affection, with an immediate afterthought of procreation, can be manifested.



A "TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE" WHICH "HAPPENS ENTIRELY IN THE APPARENTLY LIMITLESS PRAIRIE-LANDS, WHOSE ULTIMATE LIMITS ARE THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE WEST AND THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE EAST": "THE VANISHING PRAIRIE," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE TINY, BUT STOUT-HEARTED, PRAIRIE-DOG FINDS ITSELF CORNERED BY A PROWLING COYOTE.

such is her behaviour. And when Miss Cilento is knocked off her feet, pummelled and soaked by the angry waves, and all but hurled into the furious main, she looks—when lifted at last into the protective arms of the Second Mate—like nothing so much as a demented seal. Meanwhile, the herd of prize bulls in the



PHOTOGRAPHING A HERD OF BISON AT CLOSE RANGE FOR WALT DISNEY'S SECOND FEATURE-LENGTH "TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE": "THE VANISHING PRAIRIE." A NATURALIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER, TOM MCHUGH, MOVING AMONG THE BISON PROTECTED ONLY BY A BUFFALO HIDE AND ARMED WITH A CAMERA. THE FILM HAD ITS LONDON PREMIERE AT STUDIO ONE ON APRIL 11.

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It is all, somehow, more impressive and more edifying than that slithering female seal being rescued and fondled by that thwarted second-mate on that unconvincingly flooded dry-land steamer in that studio storm with background noises of half-hearted mooing from a steerage full of pedigree bulls.

PLAY DOLLS OF PAST AGES: ONCE CHERISHED BY LITTLE CHILDREN.



A WOODEN DOLL OF c. 1780, WITH PAINTED EYES, A REAL HAIR WIG AND BRILLIANT ROSE CHEEKS. (Lord Ypres' collection.)



A QUEEN ANNE PERIOD WAX DOLL, c. 1710, WITH GLASS EYES AND REAL HAIR WIG, WEARING A WATCH. (Mrs. Gordon Hand's collection.)



"THE PRINCESS ROYAL (VICTORIA) AS A BABY." SHE WAS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA. A PORTRAIT WAX DOLL, 1840-41. (Mrs. Smith's collection.)



"LILY," A DOLL BY THE FRENCH FIRM, BRU, WITH HER TRAVELLING CASE AND CONTENTS. c. 1800. (Mrs. Roberts' collection.)



AN UNUSUAL PAIR OF PEDLAR DOLLS, WITH LEATHER FACES AND HANDS, c. 1810, FROM PORTSMOUTH. (Bethnal Green Museum; Crown Copyright Reserved.)



"AMY," A CHINA DOLL OF c. 1893, WHO SITS ON HER CANE CHAIR READING HER DOLL'S-SIZE BOOK, "THE PET PUPPY." (Mrs. Allan Henderson.)



"A WAX GRANNIE DOLL," c. 1805, AND A BOY DOLL, c. 1820. (Mrs. Early's collection.) [Photograph by R.W. Cripps.]



"NURSE AND BABY," DOLLS WITH FACES BY THE FRENCH FIRM, JUMEAU, c. 1870. (Mrs. Wallis's collection.)



AN ENGLISH PAINTED WOOD DOLL, THE DRESS c. 1800, THE CARVED WALNUT CHAIR c. 1680 (1 FT. 9 INS.). (Victoria and Albert Museum; Crown Copyright Reserved.)

Though Donald Duck, Teddy Bear and other animal types now compete with her popularity, the Doll remains queen of the nursery, for, to quote Mrs. Alice K. Early (from whose book, "English Dolls, Effigies and Puppets," the illustrations on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher), "From infancy we find in them [dolls] comfort and courage when we are left alone in the dark; as we grow older they share our games and adventures. . . ." Mrs. Early "came under the spell of dolls" and started what is now an important collection when she was given an Egyptian doll found in a box of toys buried with an Egyptian child over 3000 years ago. In her fascinating book (published by Batsford at 25s.), she ranges over a wide field, discusses dolls

of many periods, and provides technical information about their manufacture. Her chapter headings include "The Doll's Ancestors," "Queen Victoria's Dolls," "Portrait Dolls," "The Nativity Crib" and "Pedlars and Fortune Tellers" and the 120 illustrations, the frontispiece in colour, are a delight. The Portrait Doll is an interesting social phenomenon, as the "loyal public were very much interested in our royalties and leading personalities, therefore, long before photography or cheap reproductions of portrait paintings were invented, there was a popular demand for portrait dolls, of which some have survived. Among these are the portrait doll of Queen Adelaide in the London Museum, and that of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE quality of vision, of poetic insight, is extremely rare, and never thrown away; yet it is not enough for a great book, or even a successful book. And I can't think "The Pilgrimage," by Francis Stuart (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is an entire success: not as a story, as a unity. It has a single, profound theme: the conflict and antithesis of faith and evil. It has a flow of brilliant, penetrating detail—and on top of that, even what might be called a thriller-element. Yet somehow they don't merge; between the theme on one side, and the bits and pieces on the other, there is a kind of structural hiatus.

To start with the thriller-interest: this, which begins the tale, and might so easily be the main thread, shrinks to the queerest little extra. It has brought Gideon to France—but Gideon, the journalist, the unbeliever, is himself an extra. He has had wind of some religious sensation: something dug up in Egypt, which the Church is all out to suppress. And his immediate quarry is the saintly Bishop of Torlaix. Jean-Marie's brother Gilbert was with the expedition; so he has learnt the secret, and is neck-deep in the hushing-up. For in this day and age, it would be frightful if the Resurrection-story were discredited...

That is the Church's point of view, and, for a time, Jean-Marie's also. But as time goes on, he really can't feel that it matters. At first, because his sky is, anyhow, so black. He is going through a dark night of the soul, praying to a void—mocked by a world of pain, chaos and accident, unpitied suffering, appalling evil. What is the "empty tomb," compared to the world's emptiness of any trace of divine love? And so for him, not the papyrus, but the fate of Chaton will be crucial. Chaton is his housekeeper's little girl: the offspring of an unknown man, and of a sly, unhappy little derelict, like a stray cat, who has been rescued but not saved. This child has an inherited disease. She is Jean-Marie's best beloved; and she looks up to him with adoration. Yet he is always failing her—he has so many other duties—and, it might even seem, praying her from bad to worse. Her last hope is the children's pilgrimage to Lourdes. Chaton has faith in it, Jean-Marie has already none. And with the nightmare outcome of the test, it is all over; his faith is totally eclipsed, and he has no thought but to leave the diocese.

But Chaton also has been through a dark night of the soul. Jean-Marie stood to her for God; and yet he kept forsaking and rejecting her, in her most need. So then she flew out and rejected him—and was consumed with guilt and misery, yet, all the while, blessedly hoping to be taken back. Then came her "punishment" at Lourdes, and when she crept away into the hills, it was all over. Yet there Jean-Marie found her out; and "he will never be angry with her again." In him, she has assurance of God's love; through her Jean-Marie's is restored; and the papyrus—happily disposed of—is beside the point.

This view may not be orthodox, but it goes deep. There is a wealth of incidental beauty; and there are minor characters—notably Gilbert's wife—who deserved full employment.

OTHER FICTION.

"Shadow of Palaces," by Pamela Hill (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), has a religious bearing in a way; it is the story of Madame de Maintenon. And from this writer it is unexpected. Last time, she chose a doomed, romantic sovereign, a flaming siren, an illicit love; all was barbarity and glamour. The Court of Versailles may be glamorous, after a sort; but anyone less fey than the Sun-King, less flaming or abandoned than his second wife, it would be difficult to rake up. Indeed, what strikes one most about this ageing, real-life Cinderella is her inherent dullness, and her propensity to the equivocal. Although, of course, she had been born to it; she saw the light in gaol, where her equivocal and drunken father was imprisoned for debt. She was at first a Huguenot, and then—after long bullying—a devout convert. As a penniless young girl, she made a "white" marriage with Scarron, the crippled wit and pamphleteer, who spent his days in a box. Widowed, still virtuous, and still hard up, she kept her footing in society by little services to the "best people." Then came her secret charge of the King's bastards by Madame de Montespan; and when that wicked Vashti was exposed, Esther, the prudent satellite, won the royal hand. And Louis saved his soul—and began persecuting Huguenots.

His name for the ex-governess was "Votre Solidarité." Never, perhaps, has discretion been so rewarded; but then, she was perhaps the most discreet woman that ever lived. This novelist is on her side, and won't even allow that she lacked passion. But the events speak for themselves; and she is not, after her earliest youth, really a proper figure of romance. Miss Hill has made a good job, within limits, of a curious and weighty subject which was not her style.

"Brother Devil," by Edward Holstius (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), ends with a spurt of mystery and drama; but its most telling passages have come before. It opens in 1946, when the narrator, Richard Avery, is on his way to Hollywood about a film script. In the boat-train he meets a chatty young American named Harriet Monkland, and she turns out to be the wife of Alistair, his ancient foe. (And here we get a rather seamy little school-story—one of the best parts.) They fall in love; but the malignant Alistair is now a war-hero and hopeless invalid, and Harriet has a strong sense of duty. However, Monkland wears it down; and back in England, they are all set for a happy ending. Then comes the mystery, and the disaster...

"Grand Prix Murder," by Douglas Rutherford (Collins; 10s. 6d.), answers exactly to the title. Young Martin Templer is about to make his Continental début at Mondano—as third driver in the Dayton team, which has a brand-new British car, challenging foreign models. As this is a detective-story, he is in love with the first driver's sister, while the first driver has been having an affair with the designer's wife. One can say this much for the problem-sequence—for the ensuing disasters to the team, the unknown risks piled on already hair-raising exploits: they are all germane to the setting. But they remain the slenderest web that could be called a story. What counts is the intensely vivid racing theme. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EUROPE'S BIRTH AND HERITAGE.

A FEW months ago when reviewing a description of the journeyings of Orellana, the conquistador who made the first incredible journey from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon, I commented on the amazing fortitude of the early Spanish explorers and conquerors. The latest life of Ferdinand Magellan, which appears under the title "So Noble a Captain," by Charles McKew Parr (Hale; 21s.), is a reminder of the no less amazing courage, virility and powers of endurance of the Portuguese great captains, who set out in their cockle-shells roughly a century before the fall of Granada released the flowering genius of Spain. Magellan was a comparative late-comer as a Portuguese explorer, and his greatest (and final) exploit, the discovery of the Straits which bear his name and the first circumnavigation of the globe, was carried out under the flag of Spain. The little, insignificant-looking Portuguese nobleman who was, according to the custom of the day, equally at home as an armoured knight on horseback or as the Captain-General of an Armada had deserved well of his master, the despotic Dom Manoel the Fortunate. Unfortunately for Magellan (but still more unfortunately for Portugal), Dom Manoel had conceived an unreasoning hatred of his loyal servant. Portugal's loss was Spain's gain, though even here the ill-luck and the powerful animosity of courtiers which dogged him in Portugal followed him to Spain. But for the complete confidence reposed in him by the Emperor Charles V., and the over-riding authority which the young monarch gave him, either the expedition would never have been entrusted to him at all or he would certainly have lost his authority, and probably his life, as the result of one of the many mutinies stirred up by the Spanish noblemen he reluctantly had to take with him. Nevertheless, he succeeded. In spite of everything—in spite of treacherous captains, mutinous crews; in spite of finding, too late, that the Portuguese Consul-General in Seville had sabotaged his supplies; in spite of Polar storms and starvation and scurvy—he found his Straits, and, after appalling hardships, ultimately reached the Philippines, which he had discovered on his previous voyage from the other direction across the Pacific. There is something extraordinarily inspiring in the picture of the little man, driving his half-frozen crews farther and farther south down the coast of Latin-America in cockle-shells whose Mediterranean construction was as little suited to Polar storms as were the crews themselves. Day after day, week after week, he continued searching for the *Paso*, the only evidence for the existence of which was a gap on a misleading leather globe in the Royal Archives in Lisbon. Mr. Parr has written a scholarly but living book and there will be many who will be grateful to him for the fact that he has set Magellan's rascally detractors at naught and carried out the wish, expressed over four centuries ago by Don Antonio Lombardo, Magellan's Venetian companion and historian, that "the fame of so noble a captain will not be effaced in our time."

Another pleasantly written biography (also by an American) is "Charlemagne: the Legend and the Man," by Harold Lamb (Hale; 16s.). The great Frankish king who was the first to revive the elements of civilisation in Western Europe after the collapse of the Roman Empire, has perhaps received less attention from historians in recent years than the magnitude of his achievement deserves. That achievement was nothing less than the creation (starting from the unpromising raw material of the barbarous, unlettered East Franks of the Rhineland) of a unitary Christian state, stretching from the Ebro to the Baltic, and from Brittany to what is now Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. The unlettered king was the first to re-establish learning in Western Europe and the first ruler since the Romans to promulgate laws and build a civilisation which obtained rough acceptance over so wide an area. Mr. Lamb does not pretend to vast scholarship, and his readable book is marred by statements and assumptions for which there is no possible historical justification. For example: "When he returned from the expedition that fall he wed Fastrada, the proud Rhine maiden who had crossed his path in hunting. Her golden hair gleamed like fire in the sun, and her glowing eyes challenged him to possess her." Possibly—but where is the evidence on which this interesting incident of 1164 years ago is based? In spite of this, however, and in spite of an occasional lapse into the language of a Hollywood script-writer ("the worthy monk [of St. Gal] ad-libbed upon the truth") it is, as I say, a most readable book and the general impression of the great forerunner of a united Christendom is, in the main, truthful enough.

Though, alas, I have only set foot on Canadian soil on one all-too-brief occasion, I have always found the Dominion and its history of absorbing interest. French Canada, in particular, seems to me to be a remarkable example of the survival of a culture in the face of conquest, attempted assimilation and the onslaughts of a materialistic modern world, hostile to all its traditions and beliefs. It was therefore with enjoyment that I read "The French Canadians: 1760-1945," by F. Mason Wade (Macmillan; 36s.). This 1100-page volume (written by yet another American) sets out to reconcile the English and French versions of Canadian history. The result will not be displeasing to English readers, for

he stresses the wisdom and tolerance of the early Governors, such as Murray and Guy Carleton, in dealing with the conquered French. Indeed, one gets the impression that had the eighteenth-century British authorities displayed half as much intelligence and tolerance in dealing with what is now the United States, Mr. Wade himself might well have been a citizen of the Commonwealth! This is an important book which one would like to see in the libraries of British schools.

Though France herself may never recover from the cleavage of 1789 (and still more so of 1792), there are elements of French civilisation which have defied politics. The greatest of these is French devotion to the higher pleasures of the table. Escoffier, the hero of "Georges Auguste Escoffier," by Eugène Herbodeau and Paul Thalamas (Practical Press; 21s.), wrote that "La bonne cuisine est la base du véritable bonheur." This pious monument raised by two of his disciples to the poor boy who became the greatest chef of all time, is a delight—though some of the menus, even of our own times, border on the fantastical for post-war tummies. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WITH entries from the U.S.A., Yugoslavia, Germany, Belgium and France, the Bognor Regis congress, in its third year, was well up to standard. Whether the amenities available to the masters between their games were too much of a distraction, including as they did billiards, bathing (sea and bath), tennis, table tennis, badminton, and a host of other diversions: this is a matter for speculation. Certain it is that the play was unusually lighthearted and the number of lost games won and won games drawn must have been unparalleled for an event of such calibre. Brilliance alternated with fatal casualness. Of course, the mixed nature of the event plays its part. Here are two wild, short games from the early rounds and a third, longer one of violently fluctuating fortunes:

QUEEN'S PAWN, NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

SPILLER	O'KELLY	SPILLER	O'KELLY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	10. P-K4	Kt-QR4
2. P-QB4	P-K3	11. P-Q5	B-R3
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	12. P-K5	Kt-Kt1
4. P-QR3	B x Ktch	13. P-Q6	B x P
5. P x B	P-B4	14. B x B	Q-R5ch
6. P-K3	P-QKt3	15. P-Kt3	Q x B
7. B-Q3	B-Kt2	16. R-QKt1	P-B3
8. P-B3	Kt-B3	17. P-B4?	Q-K5
9. Kt-K2	R-QB1	18. Resigns	

ENGLISH OPENING.

DEAN	TARTAKOVER	DEAN	TARTAKOVER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-K4	12. R-B1	P-B4
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	13. Kt-QR4	P-K5
3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	14. P x P	P x P
4. P-Q3	P-Q4	15. Kt-K1	Kt-B3
5. P x P	Kt x P	16. B-QB3?	Q x Q
6. P-KKt3	B-K2	17. R x Q	B-Kt6
7. B-Kt2	B-K3	18. Kt-Kt2	B x R
8. Castles	Castles	19. Kt x B	QR-Q1
9. P-QR3	P-KR3	20. B x Kt	B x B
10. B-Q2	Q-Q2	21. Resigns	
11. P-QKt4	P-R3		

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

O'KELLY	MACKAY	O'KELLY	MACKAY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	26. Kt-B3	Kt x P!
2. P-QB4	P-Q3	27. Q x Kt	B x Kt
3. Kt-KB3	P-KKt3	28. R-B2	Q-Q5ch
4. Kt-B3	B-Kt2	29. K-B1	Q x BP
5. P-K4	Castles	30. B x B	Q x B
6. B-K2	P-K4	31. P-R5	Q-Q5
7. B-K3	Kt-B3	32. P x P	P x P
8. P-Q5	Kt-K2	33. Q-R3	Q-Kt2
9. Kt-Q2	Kt-Q2	34. Q-K6ch	R-B2
10. P-B3	P-KB4	35. R-Kt1	Q-R1
11. P-QKt4	Kt-KB3	36. Q x KtPch	K-B1
12. P-B5	Kt-R4	37. Q-Q3	R-K1
13. P-KKt3	Kt-B5!	38. R-K2	Q-K4
14. B-KB1	P-Kt3	39. QR-Kt2	P-B6
15. Kt-B4	BP x P	40. R-Kt8ch	K-K2
16. P x Kt	P(K4) x P	41. Q-B4	R x R
17. B-Q4	B x B	42. R x R	Q-B5
18. Q x B	Kt-B4	43. Q x Pch	K-B3
19. Q-Q2	P-K6	44. Kt-K4ch!	K-K4
20. Q-KKt2	Q-R5ch	45. R-K8ch	K x P
21. K-Q1	KtP x P	46. Kt-B3ch	K-Q5
22. P x P	Kt-Q5	47. Q-B6!	K-Q6
23. Kt-K2	Q-B3	48. Q-Q5ch	Q-Q5
24. R-B1	B-R3	49. Q-QKt5ch	Resigns
25. P-KR4	QR-Kt1	(If 49... Q-B5; 50. RxPch!)	

he stresses the wisdom and tolerance of the early Governors, such as Murray and Guy Carleton, in dealing with the conquered French. Indeed, one gets the impression that had the eighteenth-century British authorities displayed half as much intelligence and tolerance in dealing with what is now the United States, Mr. Wade himself might well have been a citizen of the Commonwealth! This is an important book which one would like to see in the libraries of British schools.

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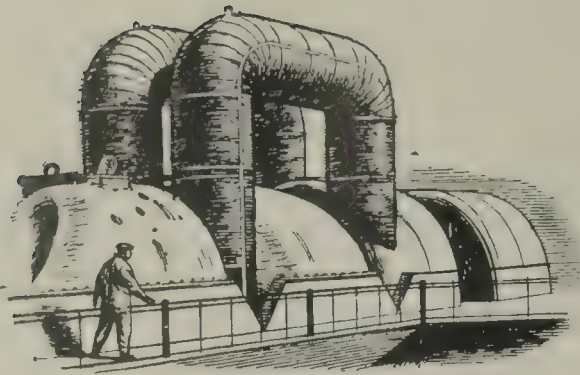
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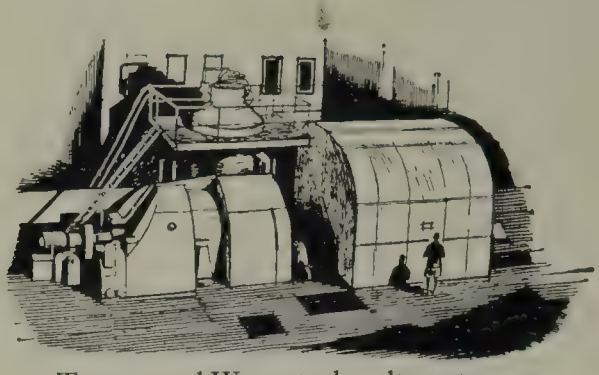
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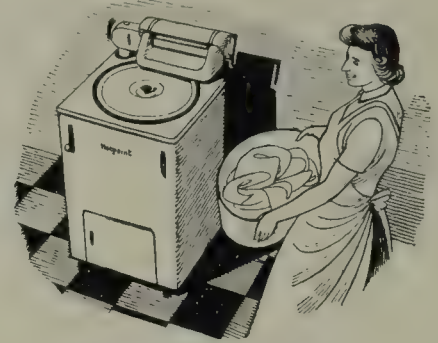


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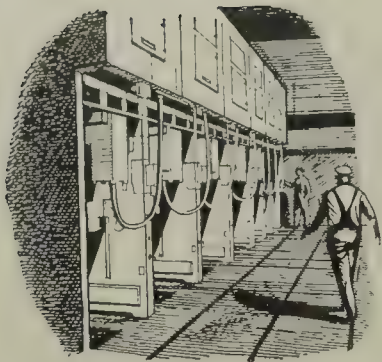


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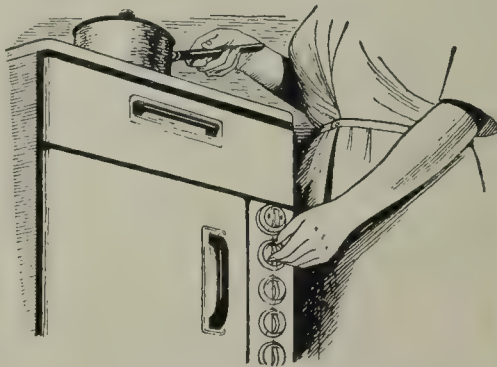


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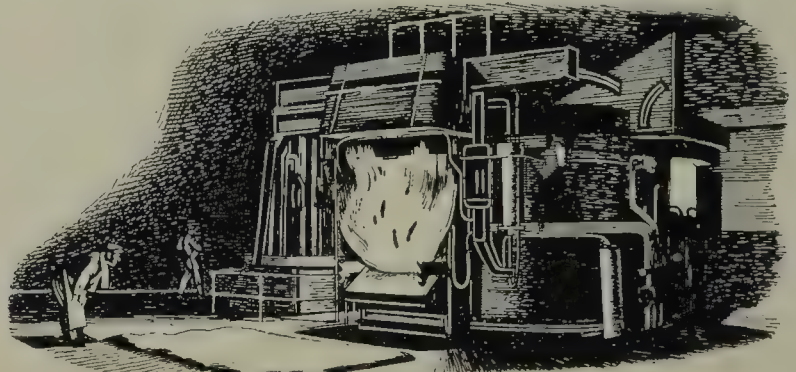


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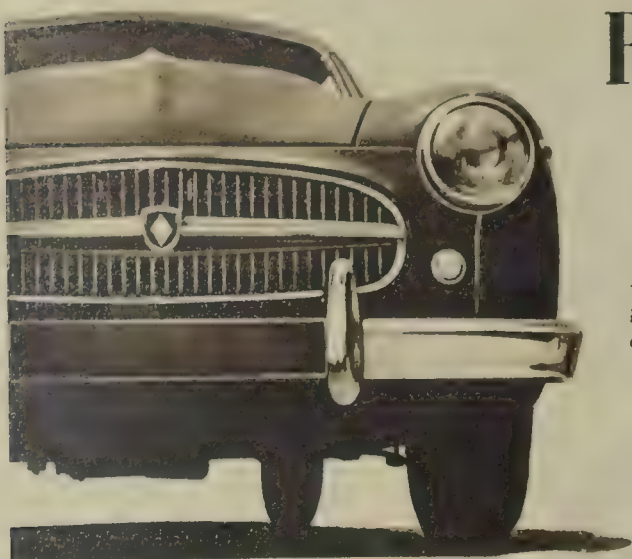
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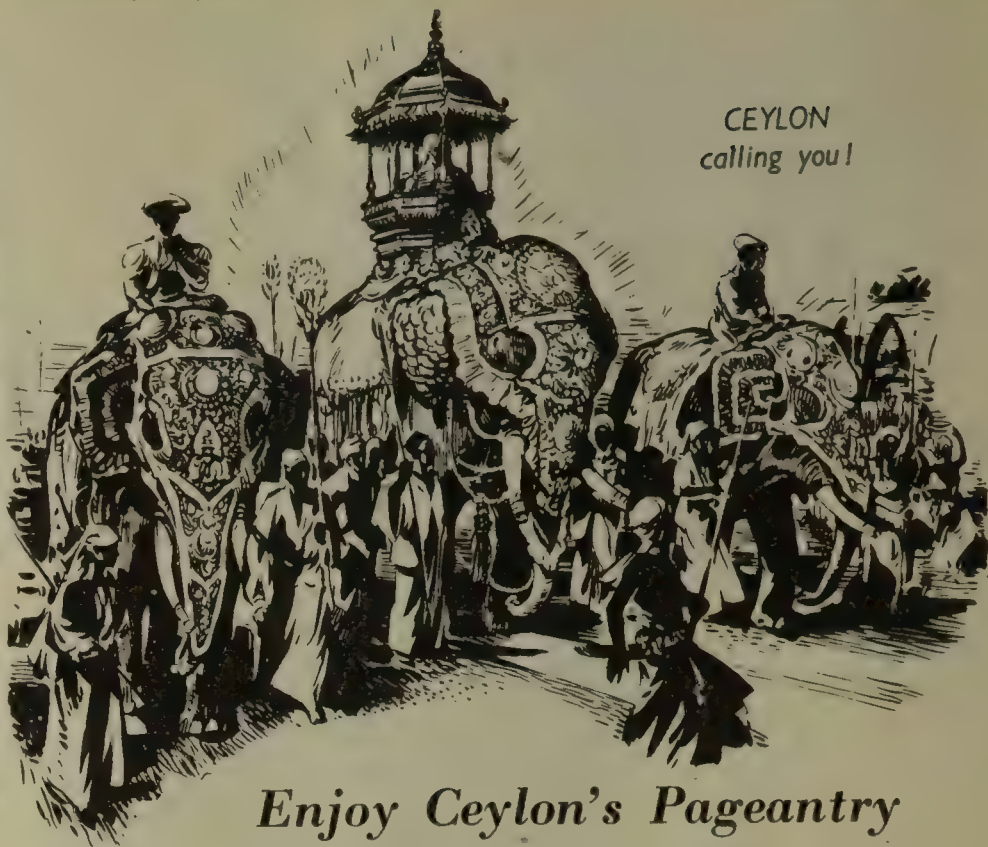


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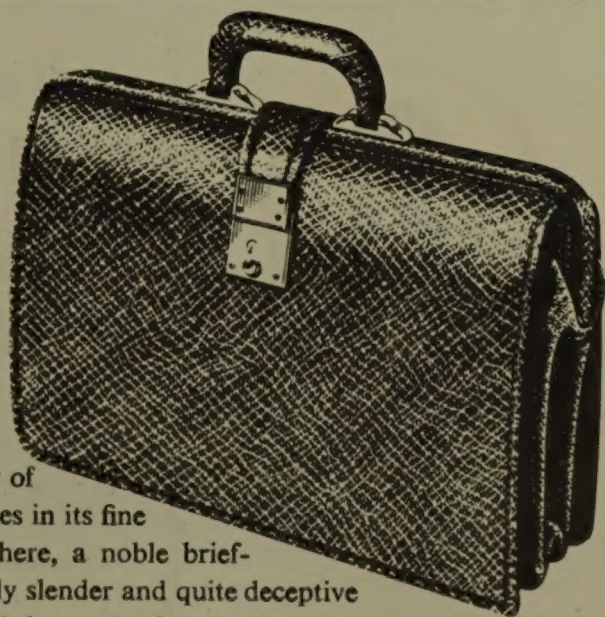
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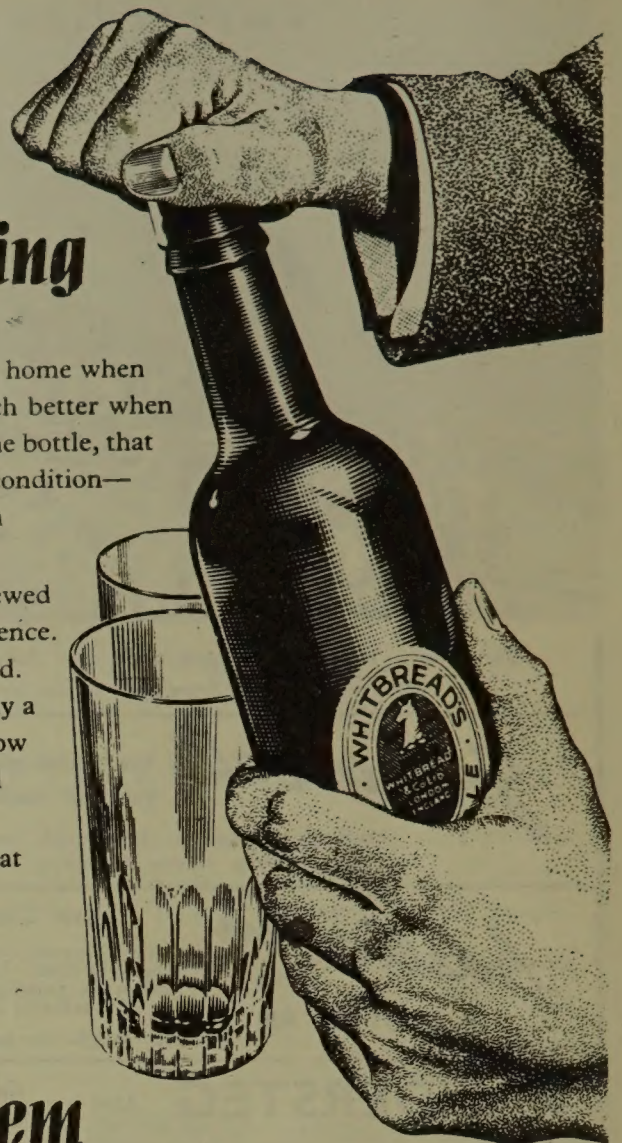
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